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A NATIONAL SONG.*

Air—"OLD HUNDRED."

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

God of the Free! to thee we look,
As looked our sires in days of old,
When on thy breath invoked by prayer,
Their banner for the Right unrolled.

II.

That glorious banner still is ours;
Our falchions like their own shall start,
When Freedom's sentinel-trumpet calls,
To find the impious tyrant's heart.

III.

Their sacred homesteads still we own,
And still the wave of Plymouth rolls
The hymn of Justice, Labor, Right,
And blest Religion in our souls.

IV.

Their mighty mission was not left
By them in vain to us, for we,
Heirs of a continent, are yet
Subduing mountain, vale and sea.

V.

How proudly on our march we go,
With Washington's own flag unfurled;
The blood of all the world is here,
And he who strikes us strikes the world!

VI.

Then wave thine oaken bough, O, North!
O, South! exulting lift thy palms;
And in our Union's heritage
Together sing the Nation's psalms.

* Written in response to FANNY FERN'S suggestion: See NEW YORK LEDGER, May 8th.

BLANCHE BERTRAND;

OR,

PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

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CHAPTER XV.

SEVERING THE BONDS.

At an early hour on the following day, the Indians broke up their camp and set off through the forest, loading themselves and their prisoners with the most valuable of their plunder. They had been perfectly successful in their expedition—had lost but one of their number, for which, in return, they could produce some eight or ten scalps and three prisoners—and had obtained spoils beyond their most sanguine expectations; so that they were now in fine spirits, and rather more merry, musical, and loquacious than was usual with them.

After advancing some fifteen miles into the great, dark forest, they came to a halt upon the bank of a purling stream, and encamped for the night—Eugene and the negro being painfully secured, but Blanche herself being less harshly treated than before, and her delicate limbs not being so corded but that she could obtain a reasonable amount of sleep, of which she stood greatly in need.

At this camp the Indians held a sort of general council, which resulted in most of their spoil being secreted in a dense thicket in the vicinity, and the greater portion of them setting off on the following day—but whether on a new expedition, or on their return to the Ohio for the goods left behind them, the prisoners did not know.

The renegade, however, with some eight or ten others, remained in charge of the captives; and these resumed their march through the wilderness at the same time, taking a northerly direction.

This march was continued for several days, without any event occurring worthy of note—Eugene, equally with the negro Duke, enduring the hardship of being heavily laden through the day, and being so painfully secured at night, as only from exhausted nature to be able to obtain any sleep whatever—and Ralph Hawley becoming taciturn and morose, and having little to say to any one, but treating Blanche more mildly than she might have expected from his rough, almost brutal manner at first, and the circumstances which led him to feel so bitterly toward her as the daughter of a man whom he regarded as his greatest enemy.

During all this time, Eugene and Blanche were kept separate, and not permitted to exchange a word; but on the evening of the fourth day, as Eugene chanced to pass near her, to deposit in camp the burden which he had been compelled to carry, he took advantage of the moment, when Hawley was occupied in speaking to one of his companions, to whisper:

"Keep a stout heart, Miss Blanche! something seems to tell me I shall yet escape."

"If it be possible, for Heaven's sake, do it!" quickly whispered Blanche; "and then make the best of your way to my father, without any attempt to rescue me!"

This was all that the opportunity permitted them to say; and upon what foundation, if any, Eugene had built his hopes, was not apparent to his fair companion, who had discovered no remissness of care, vigilance, or watchfulness on the part of their captors. At night Eugene was as securely bound as ever, and the negro also, and nothing occurred through the long hours of darkness to give either of the parties any further hope.

The next morning, as the Indians were about to resume their tedious march, a runner came into camp, who, from the quick and eager consultation which followed, was evidently the bearer of some important news. A sort of council of war was immediately held by the Indians, during which some spoke loudly and fiercely, and used such violent gestures as made it apparent to our friends that they regarded the intelligence as of a very serious nature. This consultation, however, lasted scarcely more than a quarter of an hour; at the end of which time some five or six of the warriors made a hurried examination of their different weapons, took a hurried leave of their companions, and at once plunged into the surrounding forest and disappeared—the runner accompanying them, seemingly in the capacity of a guide.

THE MIDNIGHT CAMP-FIRE.

There were now left with the prisoners only four Indians and the renegade; and as Eugene furtively scanned the party, and considered how much greater his chances of escape were than before, he again felt his heart beat wildly with a renewal of hope.

This feeling, however, was not a little dampened by the words of Hawley; who, whether suspecting or not what was passing in his mind, now approached him, and said:

"You see our party's got thinned off a little, my worthy white friend; but they've only gone to get a few more scalps, and thar's enough left to keep you safe, anyhow; and by to-morrow, or next day, I reckon we'll reach the village, whar you'll have a chance to see a Injun trial, and take whatsomever consequences may foller."

"And what do you suppose the result of that trial will be?" inquired the captive.

"Well, young man," replied Ralph, "it's my opine as that thar will depend a good deal on how this here party that's gone makes out. If they're successful, and get a few more scalps without much trouble, it's like, as you haint done nothing very bad yourself, that they'll only just make a Injun of you; but if things don't turn out right, and they come home mad, I wouldn't give a great deal for your chance of living; and so, if you want to live, and ar' much of a praying man, you'd better pray to have a few more of your infernal white brothers tuk."

"Which I certainly shall not do, whatever may be the consequences!" returned Eugene.

"Well, that's just as you like," said Hawley, indifferently; "I've gin you the hint, and you can please yourself."

"And shall we reach the Indian village so soon as to-morrow?"

"To-morrow or next day, I said, will about fotch us thar."

As Hawley spoke, one of the Indians—a fiercely-painted, half-naked savage—came stalking up; and on the renegade addressing a few words to him, he gave a sort of a grunt; and bending down to Eugene, who now lay bound on his back, he tapped him lightly, and somewhat playfully, on his face, and said, in broken English:

"Good brudder—good brudder—make good burn."

Eugene felt a cold shudder pass through his frame; but by a great effort he concealed his feelings, and actually smiled in the grim face of the savage, who thereupon arose, with a kind of a laugh, and said, approvingly, as he walked away:

"Long Knife good brave—he laugh at burn."

"Yes," rejoined Hawley, with an oath, "but he'll laugh t'other way when his time comes, or I don't know nothing about the bragging Virginians."

Nothing further worthy of note occurred till the following night—Eugene being so closely guarded through the day as to preclude even the thought of an attempt to carry out his desire; but at night, from some cause—perhaps from the belief of his captors that they had now reached a point where escape would be impossible—he found himself less securely bound than at any time previously; and what seemed a curious coincidence, the negro, for the first time, was placed within a few feet of him, while the Indians and the renegade camped down at a greater distance than usual, and soon apparently fell sound asleep.

But Eugene did not sleep, though pretending to; he felt that something providential was giving him the chance he had so ardently prayed for; and he fairly trembled at the thought that, if he would escape, now perhaps was the only opportunity he would ever have.

The camp was dark; the fire which had been kindled to cook the evening's meal had already gone out; gloom and silence were around him; the great forest, with its thousands of perils, stretched before him for hundreds of miles!

Could he possibly free himself from his bonds, and steal away from his captors? He knew that many hours lay between him and the light of day; that, once away, his trail could not be taken before the dawn; and in that time—urged on by hope and fear—by the desire of life and liberty—he felt that he could place many a mile between himself and his foes. His mind recurred to Blanche, and he almost groaned at the thought that she could not accompany him, as it was not in his power to rescue her; but he remembered her words, that he should make good his own escape and his way to her father; and in doing this, even this, he felt that he might better serve her than in any other manner. As a prisoner he could do nothing; another day might bring him to the Indian village; the next to the stake; and thus his life would be forfeited, and she remain a prisoner still.

Then came a new thought—a new hope! Might he not, if once free, by making his way to the nearest station or settlement, fall in with a party strong enough to attempt her rescue? If once free, what might not be done in those long hours of darkness? and how painfully the very hope crowded upon his brain, till the thought made it ache, and his senses seemed to reel!

But how was he to escape? Cautiously, quietly, silently, he tried his bonds; but though less tightly bound than before, he found that every trial drew the thongs still deeper into his swollen flesh, but gave him no relief.

He was lying on his back—his arms bound under him—his legs lashed together—with a rope around his neck, extending back and made fast to a sapling.

What chance had he of escape? And yet withal he still had hope; and he continued his efforts for more than an hour, ere a feeling of despair began to take possession of him.

At this critical time—when, under his painful excitement, large beads of perspiration seemed to start from every pore—when the agony of his mind, in its re-action from his late hope, became so intense that he could scarcely refrain from shrieking aloud,—at this critical time, we say, he was not a little surprised to hear the voice of the negro addressing him in a cautious whisper.

"Marse Eugene, is you asleep?" said Duke.

"No, Duke—no—I am not asleep!" returned the other, in a whisper just sufficiently loud to reach the ear of his humble companion in misery.

"Den, Marse Eugene, can't we git away?"

"God knows it is my wish, Duke—but what chance have we? I have tried my bonds, but cannot break them. Hush! speak very cautiously, or our foes may hear us! What chance have we, Duke?"

"I's jus got one arm cl'ar," said Duke; "and if de Lor' A'mighty'll just help dis pusson, I tink I'll fotch the whole ob de rest on 'em cl'ar soon, I does."

"In Heaven's name, then," rejoined Eugene, "if it be possible for you to escape, do so at once, and fly for your life through the forest! I cannot get away; I have tried in vain; but if you can, make the best of your way to some settlement, and report the capture of your mistress; say that she is a prisoner among the savages, and, if possible, stir up a party to come to her rescue; tell them that, with great caution, it may be done; and thus you may be the means of saving her, if not me."

"But I's a pusson as 'ud git lost at de fust jump, and wouldn't nebber git nowhar!" replied Duke; "and so, if you don't come along, Marse Eugene, it'll be no use for dis chile to try to do nuffin."

"Heaven knows how gladly I would join you in your escape!" replied our hero; "but I cannot liberate myself, that is certain, and you have no knife to aid me."

"But I's got suffin as was made afore knives," said Duke; "I's got good sharp teeth; and dem dar can gnaw a rope just like a rat can a board, dey can."

"Merciful Heaven! the idea gives me hope!" returned Eugene, in so excited a manner as to be incautious—though, fortunately, the imprudently whispered words did not reach the senses of the sleeping guard. "Quick! quick!" he added, in a lower tone, as he suddenly became aware of his own indiscretion; "but be very, very cautious! and make not the least noise, on your life!"

For a few minutes—minutes that seemed an age to our excited hero—nothing more was spoken by the negro; but Eugene could now and then hear a slight movement, as the other struggled with his bonds for liberty.

At length, to his great joy, he perceived a shadowy figure creeping stealthily to his side; and the next moment the voice of Duke fell upon his ear, in even more cautious whispers than before.

"Dar, Marse Eugene—dat's a cl'ar case, dat is; I's tole you I'd fotch 'em cl'ar, and I's done it; and now I's ready to fotch you cl'ar, too."

"Oh, if you can only liberate me, Duke," returned the young Virginian, "I will freely forgive you the blunder which got us all into this terrible strait!"

"Well, Marse Eugene, you see dat dar was a circumstance as dis pusson couldn't help; and de Lor' golly hebbens! whar's de pusson as wouldn't a hollered when he was a drowndering?"

With this Duke set to his work in earnest. Applying his sharp teeth to the cord which, passing around the neck of Eugene, secured him to the tree, he soon gnawed it assunder. Then cautiously turning him over, his teeth were next applied to the ligature which secured his arms; and so faithfully and assiduously did he labor at his task, that in less than ten minutes these were free also. There only now remained his ankles to be liberated; and another ten minutes, of the most wild excitement on the part of Eugene, beheld him free altogether in the camp of his sleeping enemies.

"God bless you, Duke!" he whispered, grasping the hand of his black companion, while his eyes grew dim with the emotion which stirred his inmost soul: "God bless you for this! Oh! if we could but save your mistress! if we could but save her, Duke! if we could but save her!"

"Dar's no use ob trying any more, Marse Eugene! If we go for to stop for her, we'd just better git back into our ropes and done with't—for dar's whar we'd be soon, sartin—dat's a cl'ar case."

"Right, Duke! right!" returned the other; "we must save ourselves if we can, as the only means of rescuing her. Farewell, Miss Blanche!" he sighed, mentally; "we go not to desert you, but to save you;" and taking the hand of Duke, and charging him to move as cautiously as if treading the brink of an awful abyss, he glided stealthily from the camp; and soon, with feelings which no pen may describe, was treading the mazes of the great forest, beyond the point where the sound of his steps could reach the ears of his sleeping foes.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM ONE PERIL TO ANOTHER.

For hours Eugene Fairfax, accompanied by his black companion, pursued his way through the forest; now plunging into dark, tangled thickets, and now gliding along the stately, open wood; now fording a sluggish creek, or running stream, and now climbing an uneven, rocky hill; now crossing a patch of grassy prairie, and now clambering over wind-fallen timbers; but on, still on, for hours and leagues—hoping and praying that his course might lead him to a point of safety, afar from his foes—but trembling at every sound, and at the fearful thought that every step might be taking him so much nearer to some village of his savage enemies.

At last, ascending a high, steep, conical elevation—the highest point of a long ridge, from whose rocky apex the eye had a clear sweep over the dark forest, which stretched away below in the dim light like a mighty sea—he came to a pause; and after taking in the broad scene with a quick, eager glance, he looked up at the clear, blue dome of heaven, with its thousands of glimmering stars, and silently sent up a prayer to the Great Unseen, for the guidance and protection of himself and companion, and the speedy deliverance of her whom fate had compelled him to leave in the hands of cruel and merciless men.

"Who knows," he said, in a low, musing tone, speaking rather to himself than his companion, as he again permitted his eye to roam over the gloomy expanse; "who knows whither our steps are tending, and what will be the end? How far, Duke, do you suppose we have come since quitting the camp?" he inquired, turning to the black.

"Doesn't know, Marse Eugene; but I's 'spect 'bout ten mile—maybe five—maybe mor'n bof'h."

"I hope the two put together, at least!" returned the other. "But in what direction? that is what troubles me now; for I cannot determine whether we have traveled north or south, east or west—and yet it is all important to our safety."

"Well, all dis pusson knows, Marse Eugene, is dat we come up dis here hill on dat dar side; and if you knows which way dat is, den I's 'spect you can easy tell which way we're gwine."

"Well, whichever way we go now," observed the young Virginian, "we must take some means of concealing our trail—for undoubtedly we shall be followed as soon as it becomes light enough to see distinctly; and weary as we are, without even food to give us strength, we might soon be overtaken—when, without weapons for defence, our capture would be easy and certain."

"But, Marse Eugene, how's we gwine to 'ceal de trail? We hasn't got no wings to fly, and our feet's got to come down on de ground at ebery step."

"There are more ways than lie in your simple brain, Duke," returned Eugene, still keeping his eyes ranging over the gloomy scene below him. "If breaking the trail were all, I should have little to trouble me now, for that can be done by walking down the bed of a stream."

"Oh, yes, Marse Eugene—dat's a cl'ar case—I's [illegible] 'Spose den we just does dat; and arter we's gone a good long [illegible] in de bushes somewhar; and den, if de Injuns come, and dar isn't more'n ten ob dem, we'll just jump on to 'em, take dar rifles away, shoot 'em down, take all de tings we want, and just go on agin all wictor'us."

"Hush such foolish talk, Duke!" said Eugene, sternly. "You know there is not a greater coward living than yourself; and that, at the very sight of an Indian, you would be the first to drop down and beg for mercy."

"Yes, Marse Eugene, 'spect you has some right to say dat, kase I hollered so afore; but, you see, dat dar was a cl'ar case—I's wasn't 'quainted with de warmits den, I wasn't; but now as I's knows 'em better, I's isn't so 'feard."

"Well, we will see. I hope, for the honor of your master and bringing up, you will prove good for something."

"Didn't I gnaw off de rope, Marse Eugene?"

"That is true, Duke—I had almost forgotten that. I believe I promised to forgive the past for that very act; and so let by-gones go, and the future speak for itself. Come, we must not dally here! Let us down into the valley yonder, where I think we shall find a stream of some kind; though, if not, we can return to one we have passed; and by taking a different course to it, we may thus perplex our foes not a little, should they attempt to trace us. Ha! a new thought strikes me!" added our hero, with sudden animation. "Strange I did not think of it before! From the little geographical knowledge I have of the country, and judging from the extent of our march, I think these streams must all tend to the Ohio; and by following one of them downward, perhaps we may reach the bank of that river; and then our escape, if not too much exhausted by hunger and fatigue, would be comparatively easy. Come, let us forward again, with what speed we may! for only a few hours at most are now between us and the dawn."

With this Eugene set forward, and was in the act of descending the hill from the opposite side of his ascent, when a sudden exclamation of the negro, who was a pace or two behind him, both startled him and arrested his steps.

"What is it? what is it?" he quickly demanded, in a low, cautious, eager tone, turning to the black.

"De Lor' golly hebbens!" said Duke, somewhat excitedly: "I sees suffin as looks like a big star down dar below."

"Where?" queried Eugene, as he stepped back to the black and followed the direction in which his finger pointed. "Hush! not a word! I see it now!" he quickly added, seizing the arm of Duke, and speaking in a tone calculated to impress him with a keen sense of danger. "It is no star, but the light of a fire glimmering through the bushes, and surrounded perhaps by sleeping savages."

"Den I's reckon, Marse Eugene, we'd bes' run todder way dreffal fast!" said Duke, whose late ardent courage was beginning to cool rapidly under the idea of immediate danger.

"It is a camp fire, without doubt," said Eugene, as one thinking aloud; "but it may not be an Indian camp for all that. In fact, on second thoughts, it appears as likely to be the camp of men of my own race: in which case, to run from it would be to fly from deliverance into new perils. And then again, it may only be a will-o'-the-wisp! At all events, I think it becomes me to make a careful reconnoissance. But I must go alone, Duke; for

with all your courage, and smartness, and sharpness of teeth, I would not like to place my life again where one of your blunders might jeopardize it."

"Golly hebbens!" returned the black, in a tremulous tone: "what'll become ob dis pusson, Marse Eugene, while you's away? and den whatsomever if you gits tuk?"

"Sit down on this rock here, remain perfectly quiet, and I will soon return to you."

"Dat is if you can, Marse Eugene; but I's afeard you can't; for if dem isn't de Injuns down dar, I's 'spect it's dat odder critter what you just tole 'about."

"What other creature?"

"Doesn't 'member what you's call it; but I knows from de name it's suffin dreffful."

"What! the will-o'-the-wisp, you dunce?"

"Yes, dat's him—de will-ob-whisk! 'Spect he's twice as big as two 'lephants is, isn't he?"

"Pshaw!" returned Eugene, impatiently; "sit down and do as I tell you, and remain here till I come back, if you have any desire to escape from the savages and not be burnt at the stake! The will-o'-the-wisp is nothing but a swamp light; and yonder light, I am almost certain, proceeds from a fire; but whether kindled by friend or foe, is what I am going to ascertain. Be not the least alarmed, and do not venture away from here, or you will certainly get lost. I shall inspect the place with great caution; and if I find it to be the camp of Indians, I will as cautiously return, and we will again set off and fly for our lives; but should it prove to be a camp of the whites, I will also return to you, and we will both then have occasion to rejoice in our comparative deliverance."

With some further remarks of a similar nature, intended to make the black cautious and cheer him with the hope of escape—and extorting from him a promise that he would quietly remain where he was until he should hear from him again, or be certain, through the triumphant yells of his foes, that he had again been made a prisoner—Eugene turned away from his timid companion, to set off upon an exploration which, notwithstanding all the arguments he had used to the contrary, he considered in the highest degree perilous.

Returning to the only point where the light could be clearly seen from the elevation, he silently regarded it for a few moments, and carefully laid his direction with his eye, so that he might not miss the point at which he aimed when he should come to plunge into the gloomy depths of the dark forest below. Then setting forward, he descended the steep declivity, and carefully groped his way to the more level wood.

As he had conjectured, from the dim outline of the country which he had been able to perceive from the rocky summit of the hill, a running stream wound through the valley; and by observing its course, he felt more assured that he had come in the proper direction from the camp of his enemies to reach the Ohio. Crossing the stream before him, which was here shallow and easily forded, he continued on through a thick, heavy wood, with here and there a dense undergrowth, as nearly in the line he had laid with his eye as his judgment could determine.

From only one point, and that the one already mentioned, had he been able to discern the light; the distance to it he could not very correctly judge, owing to the darkness; and though he believed it did not exceed a half a mile, yet it might be further or nearer; and therefore he proceeded with great caution, feeling that, in this adventure, even more than his life might be at stake.

Five, ten, and even fifteen minutes thus passed away; and he was in the act of carefully parting the bushes of a thicket, when a strange, wild, dismal, but apparently distant sound, suddenly startled and brought him to an abrupt halt. He listened for a few moments, and heard the sound repeated; and then seemingly answered in a different direction; and though not quite acquainted with the forest, his knowledge was sufficient to assure him it was the howl of a couple of wolves, calling and answering each other from distant points. He remembered that he was without weapons, and felt not a little uneasy for himself, but still more for the effect it might produce upon the timid black, who would probably be frightened beyond propriety by sounds which his terror could easily convert into the distant yells of his human foes. In view of this, his first thought was to immediately turn back; but his desire of knowing whether deliverance or danger lay before him, overcame the intention; and he still continued on, with what feelings we leave the reader to imagine.

Still carefully feeling his way, looking as cautiously about him as the darkness would permit, with his sense of hearing rendered more acute by his fears, he advanced some two or three hundred yards further—the dismal sounds still being repeated, but apparently coming no nearer—when his eyes once more fell upon the light faintly glimmering through the trees and bushes, which now, for perhaps some fifty yards, lay between him and the camp he was seeking. More stealthily and cautiously than ever he still advanced, taking care that each bush should be so moved, and each step should be so planted, as not to create the sound of a breaking twig or limb; and thus at length he reached a position where he was enabled to see distinctly over the whole spot lighted by the fire.

With deep chagrin, we might almost say horror, he discovered that the camp belonged, not to the whites but the savages, some six or eight of whose dusky, nearly-naked, grimly-painted forms were stretched around the fire, and all of whom were apparently asleep. With a sort of wild fascination, Eugene, instead of instantly retreating, stood for some moments, silently gazing upon the slumbering beings before him. He knew his danger—knew that the least sound might rouse them to his destruction—and yet, almost spell-bound, he continued to gaze upon them, as one might gaze upon so many wild, sleeping beasts—wondering to himself the while if these were a portion of the same body which had first made him a prisoner—the same party, in fact, which had branched off from those from whom he had escaped.

This he could not determine; their position was such that he could not clearly perceive the features of any; and even if otherwise, he was not sure he would be able to recognize any of them, owing to the fact of the manner in which their faces were painted—for though no two were exactly alike, yet there was a certain fierce resemblance of each to the other, which made it more difficult for one not perfectly familiar with each individual, to decide upon his individual identity, than upon the tribe to which he belonged. That they were at least of the same tribe which had killed several of his companions, and made him a prisoner, and still held in their rude grasp the being of his adoration, he was almost certain; and as he now stood with his eyes riveted upon their hideous forms, a strange feeling of revenge seemed to take possession of his heart; and though not naturally vindictive, he felt he could have rejoiced in the almost fiend-like excitement of putting them to death where they slept.

While thus standing, looking and considering, and fairly trembling at the thought of his own temerity, his eye chanced to fall upon a stack of rifles on the outer edge of the opposite side of the camp from where he stood. As was sometimes the custom with the Indians, when no immediate danger was apprehended, they had placed their fire-arms together here, leaning their barrels against the crotch of a small sapling, in such a manner that they could easily be grasped at a moment's warning; and Eugene further observed that some two or three had also hung their powder-horns and bullet-pouches with them. To possess himself of one of these rifles now became his greatest desire; and with this desire he instantly comprehended the peril of the attempt; but he remembered how great was the danger of traversing the forest without a single weapon of offence or defence; the idea of perishing by hunger, because of no means of procuring food, even if not assailed by man or beast, also vividly rose before his mind; and he almost immediately determined to risk his safety still further, in the fearful endeavor to make one of these at least his prize.

Could it be done? The very thought—the very hope—with the momentous consequences which rested upon his success or failure—caused him to tremble like an aspen. Could it be done? He looked at the sleeping warriors—over whose dusky, grim, and nearly naked forms the flickering, lurid flame at times threw fitful shadows, giving an appearance of motion to their limbs, and a horrible expression to their partially revealed features—and felt for the moment there was certain death in the trial. Yet a moment's reflection told him it was but seeming—that this apparent motion was simply the effect of the flitting shadows—that in fact the figures of the weary warriors remained passively quiet, in a death-like slumber—and so he resolved upon the fearful venture.

Stealthily and breathlessly drawing back from his position, he glided round to the other side of the camp, as silently as a spirit. Then laying himself flat upon the earth, he drew himself slowly and noiselessly forward, till at length his trembling hand came in contact with one of the weapons. It was a moment of the most intense peril, and Eugene so felt it to be; but he had nerved himself for the task, and was firmly resolved, let come what might, that he would possess himself of a weapon that might protect him against the perils of a different kind. Slowly, cautiously, silently, he drew one of the pieces from the rack, and again breathed freer as he found it in his possession. But this was not all; he must have ammunition; and keeping his eye upon the sleeping warriors, he reached up carefully, and as carefully disengaged, first a horn of powder, and next a pouch of balls. Emboldened by his success, he now quietly rose to his feet; and taking as it were a farewell look at his foes, he turned away to steal back into the dark wood and return to the frightened Duke. But, less cautious than before, he placed his foot somewhat carelessly upon the ground; when, as fortune would have it, it pressed upon a decaying stick, which snapped under his weight.

Instantly one of the warriors, lying nearest to the venturesome intruder, started up into a sitting posture; and catching a glimpse of our hero, he at once uttered a wild yell of alarm. The next moment the whole camp was in commotion; and as Eugene fled for his life to the nearest thicket, he heard the first yell echoed and re-echoed from other throats, followed by a random discharge of fire-arms, and the rushing forward of his foes in eager pursuit.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

How much of the good or evil of our lives results from the deliberate or impulsive action of ourselves, or how much from a chain of circumstances over which we have no control, is not within the province of any human being to say. Great and momentous events sometimes fall in easily and harmoniously with the line of life, while matters apparently of the most trivial import sometimes cause a divergence which ends in a manner totally different from the promise of the beginning. Mortals as we are—unable to look one second beyond the fleeting present—unable to draw aside the great vail of the future for a single instant—we push on blindly, calculating only with the wisdom of one who treads a difficult and dangerous path without the means of physical sight; and hence our most hopeful attempts sometimes end in a crushing fall, while what seems our most dangerous advancement sometimes brings us unexpectedly to the flowery fields we are seeking.

Eugene, as we have seen, fled swiftly to the nearest thicket, with the intention of forcing his way through it, and dashing on with all the speed in his power.

Had he been permitted to accomplish his design, he would quickly have found himself in the grasp of his pursuing and yelling enemies; but like a ball in the hands of the players, which is knocked hither and thither, without certainty where it may fall or the next blow may send it, so was he in the hands of fortune. Of late, in his moments of greatest apparent safety, he had often discovered himself running along the verge of danger; while, in his moments of greatest apparent peril, he had as often seen the star of hope rising and going before as a promise of deliverance.

Had he, as we have said, been able to accomplish his first design, he must soon have been in the hands of his swifter-footed foes; but as he was straining every nerve to force his way through the thicket, he came suddenly against an old decaying log, fell over it, and rolled down into a small cavity on its opposite side, where the re-springing bushes quickly enveloped him.

The first deep, mental groan of our hero, at the thought that he was lost, was soon changed into a feeling of rejoicing, as he heard the savages dash past him in hot pursuit—one of the party, in fact, even bounding over the very log which had so suddenly checked his progress, and within some two or three feet of where he now lay. On they went, screeching and yelling, and apparently scattering in different directions, the appalling sounds they uttered growing each moment more distant from the object of their search, who felt every nerve quiver, as he remembered how narrow had been his momentary escape from certain death or worse, and considered the chances which fortune had thus given him of getting altogether beyond their reach.

That they would not continue the pursuit outward from their camp much further, he believed; that they would soon return, beating carefully through the bushes, under the supposition that he was concealed near them, was reasonable to suppose; and in view of these startling conjectures, what was to be done? Would it be safer for him to remain where he was and risk a search, or again betake himself to flight in an opposite direction?

The latter was the most congenial to his feelings; for danger experienced under the excitement of action, is nothing to compare in the trial of the nerves to danger experienced under the suspense of slow and tedious watching; and so, cautiously getting himself upon his feet, he clutched his rifle with a nervous grasp, feeling that he at least had a friend in that which was not his a few minutes before. Then gliding stealthily from the thicket, he passed the camp a few paces to the left of where he had first come upon it, and was soon darting through the more open wood, in a direction opposite to the course taken by his pursuers.

Continuing straight on in this direction for some half a mile, he then bore away to the left a mile further; and thus, in a long, round-about manner, came back to the hill where he had left the negro, the summit of which he regained in safety some two hours after quitting it.

But the time which had thus been lost, Eugene felt had the greatest bearing upon his fate; it brought him so much nearer the dawn, which was not far distant; and the first light of day would show two distinct parties on his trail, both of whom he had reason to fear might set out in pursuit of him; and so every moment unemployed in increasing the distance between himself and the two Indian camps, he now most keenly felt was just so much taken from his chances of life.

He had come back according to promise, for his black companion—and had lost much valuable time in doing so—time which would have carried him a goodly distance upon his second flight—and yet where was he for whom he had returned? Duke was not where he had left him: he had doubtless heard the yells of the Indians, and fled to new dangers in his search for safety. It was folly to think of seeking for him in the darkness, and to call him aloud might betray his own position to the enemy. And yet to leave him to his fate, after what he had done for him, without some attempt at finding him, was a thought repugnant to the noble nature of our hero.

He considered for a few moments—took in with that consideration all the risks of the trial—and then ventured to pronounce the name of Duke several times, at intervals of a few seconds, walking quickly about over the rocks the while, and elevating his voice at every repeated call, until the last was so loud as to give him considerable alarm.

All so far appeared to be of no avail; and Eugene was about turning away, to plunge again into the great forest alone, when he fancied he heard something like a groan. Knowing, as he did, the timid nature of Duke—and that, under the circumstances, he might be so frightened as not to recognize a familiar voice—he ventured again, at what he considered a great risk to himself, to pronounce his name even more loudly and distinctly.

"Who-who-who's dar?" said a quavering, sepulchral voice, seemingly issuing from the bowels of the earth.

"Where are you, Duke? Quick! speak! where are you?" returned Eugene, in a more guarded, but not less excited tone.

"Da-da-dat you, Marse Eugene?"

"Yes, it is me, safely back again. Come, Duke—quick! quick! come forth from your hiding-place, wherever it may be!—there is danger here—great danger!"

"Golly hebbens!" said the voice of Duke, speaking a little more distinctly; "am you sure it's you, Marse Eugene?"

"Fool!" returned the young Virginian, impatiently; "if you do not come instantly, I will fly and leave you!"

"Dar, now—dar, now, Marse Eugene—dis pusson's coming quicker'n chain-lightning;" and with the words, Eugene perceived the shadowy figure of his companion rising up from among the rocks, in one of whose deep crevices he had hurriedly concealed himself at the first sound of danger. "De Lor' golly hebbens!" continued Duke, blowing out his breath; "I's dreffful glad to see you agin, Marse Eugene—for I's just hearn so many yells, dat I's thought you was all butchered, scalped, and chawed up by de Injuns, or dat odder big critter, de will-ob-whisk."

"Hush! or we shall have the Indians upon us, sure enough! and if they have not heard my voice in calling you, it is no thanks to you, who hid yourself where you could not be found, and remained there as deaf as a post! Come, follow me, and keep close to my heels, while we run from a new enemy!"

With this Eugene set off down the hill, on the side of his first ascent—the particular elevation we speak of forming the highest point of a long ridge that divided two streams which united their waters some miles below. Directing his course to the one of these nearest the camp of the renegade, he entered it quietly, followed by Duke, and picked his way down the bed thereof, till the first gray of morning warned him that the time was at hand when his enemies might be enabled to start rapidly in pursuit.

"Now, then, Duke," he said, addressing the black, as one sometimes does an inferior—more in the way of giving expression to his thoughts, than for any valuable suggestion he expected to receive in return: "Now, then, Duke, we have the day before us, and our enemies behind us; but unfortunately I fear only some five or six miles intervene between the greater portion of them and ourselves: what therefore is to be done?"

"Run like de debbil, Marse Eugene—dat's my plan, dat is."

"The last one, you mean!" returned Eugene, with an involuntary smile; "for the first one, you know, consisted in hiding ourselves in a thicket, taking away their arms as they came up, and shooting them down without mercy."

"Yes, Marse Eugene—dat's a cl'ar case, dat is—kase you see dis pusson spessemfied dat dar wasn't to be only ten ob 'em."

"Well, neither are there more than ten."

"'Scuse me, Marse Eugene—a pusson ob my broughten-up doesn't nebber contradicts no white gentlem'—but, golly hebbens! if I didn't hear ten hundred, den I nebber heern nuffin."

"I believe you, Duke," rejoined Eugene, as he stepped from the water, and began the ascent of the ridge to the right, from whose summit he hoped to obtain a view of the surrounding country.

On reaching the brow of the acclivity, however, but little was to be perceived, it not being sufficiently high to give a distant view, nor yet light enough to enable him to see to any considerable distance.

After debating with himself for a few minutes as to his next best course, he finally concluded to quit the stream altogether, and continue on with what speed he could through the thick wood, taking as near as he could judge, from the appearance of the dawning light, a southerly direction.

Great was his feeling of satisfaction at the fact of now having in his possession his newly-acquired rifle and ammunition; and great also was the delight of the negro thereat; who, in his own characteristic manner, multiplied its powers of offence and defence to an almost indefinite extent.

For some three or four hours Eugene continued upon the course he had laid out—running where the ground and his strength permitted—and, when not running, walking very fast—by which time, owing to his loss of sleep, his great exertions and intense excitement through the night, and also the want of food, he began to grow faint and exhausted.

"We must have something to eat," he said at last; "we shall not be able to hold out till night without food; and perhaps there will be no better time for procuring it than now."

"Dat's just de way I's feel, Marse Eugene," replied Duke; "and it 'pears to me I could swaller a ox."

On their journey since daylight, they had passed considerable game, some of which Eugene had been strongly tempted to shoot; but remembering that his enemies might be in close pursuit—and, even if not, that the report of his piece might possibly reach the ears of some other prowling party—he had continued on, resisting the temptation, and leaving mile after mile behind him, until warned by nature that one evil must be risked to overcome another.

Almost as he had come to this determination, his eye fell upon a wild turkey, within easy shooting distance; and bringing his piece to his eye, he quickly sent a ball through it. The next necessary proceeding was to have it cooked in some degree; and for this purpose Eugene determined to risk the further danger of starting a fire.

That he might not be suddenly surprised, he selected a large, flat rock, in the more open part of the wood, where, for a goodly distance, he could see around him, beneath deep green arches, and along the vistas of stately trunks, with here and there festooning vines, the whole forming a great solemn temple of nature.

Placing some powder in the pan of his rifle, and collecting some tinder-like matter, a fire was soon started. As neither of the parties had a knife, the fowl could not be dressed; and so tearing off the greater portion of the feathers, Duke proceeded to cook it whole, grumbling not a little the while at his lack of seasoning and conveniences.

While this operation was going on, Eugene took his position where he could best see about him, and kept his eye on the alert for the Indians; but the savory smell of the cooking food whetted his appetite to the keenest; and the moment that Duke announced it as ready for eating, he fell to with a voracity that for the time absorbed every other consideration; nor was the black, in this respect, a whit behind him; and both were thus engaged, Eugene with his rifle leaning against the rock by his side, when suddenly he felt a slight grasp upon his arm.

Turning quickly, to his horror he found himself confronted with some six or eight fierce-looking savages, the nearest of whom quietly extended his hand, and said, with a grim smile:

"How de do, brudder?"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

[Back numbers of the LEDGER containing this story, as far as published, can be obtained at any Periodical store in the country. *Even if the News-dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

OUR DEAD.

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

I sit by a wearisome way,
Where numberless mourners have been,
Where a grave hath been hollowed and shapen to-day,
That a dearly-belov'd lieth in.

Oh, beautiful, goldenest hair!
Oh, eyes of the tenderest blue!
Oh, beauty so bright, was there nothing but blight,
And mildew and dampness for you?

A sweet little babe at my knee,
Looks up from her innocent play;
And I weep that this flower, so lovely to me,
Will bourgeon and bloom to decay.

Oh, dreary and desolate hearts!
Oh, homes whence the love-light hath fled!
Let me join in the wail, in the pituful tale,
The cry for our Beautiful Dead!

THE BROKEN HEART.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS FANATICISM.

In the fair Southern Land two wealthy planters, for many years, had lived in pleasant neighborly relations. Both had emigrated a score of years previous to the opening of our sketch, from more northern homes, tempted alike, though differing greatly in character and motives, by the extreme fertility of the wild lands just at that period thrown cheaply into market.

Robert Gaines had come from Virginia, with his young bride, to the blooming southern wilderness, both cheerful, buoyant, even happy, and ready to make light of all the inconveniences and positive discomforts of their new home. They had met their difficulties bravely, and one by one had overcome them. The generous soil a thousand fold repaid them for the toil of its culture. They brought with them a modest competence, aside from the amount invested in their acres, and the half hundred family servants which they transferred from the Virginia farms, on which they had been reared.

A number of these servants belonged to the wife of Robert Gaines, being a portion of her patrimony, and they were all strongly attached to her. The remainder had been bestowed upon Robert by his father, and having known the young man from his babyhood, were equally fond of him, and ready to serve and follow him to the uttermost parts of the earth, as, in truth, their journey seemed to them.

With dependents so ready and willing to perform the services required of them, from pure attachment, it may easily be imagined that Robert Gaines found his tasks comparatively light and easy. But such was not altogether the case. He found many difficulties in his path. His servants, though willing, were ignorant and irresponsible; their mode of life was altogether new, and so were many of their employments. Mr. Gaines had determined, however, never to entrust their training to an overseer; and so, in the course of years, during which his cares continually increased rather than diminished, he, by constant kindness, reduced the elements of his home system to admirable order.

He had been prospered in all respects. His lands had become extremely valuable, cities and villages having sprung up on the river which bordered them, affording ready market for all his produce. His cotton crop seldom failed; sickness was seldom mortal upon his plantation where his negroes, now much more numerous than at first, were comfortably cared for; and in all respects he might be considered as a prosperous, not only, but a wealthy man.

Meanwhile, he had been as happy in his household relations, as favored in those that pertained to fortune. His wife was still lovely and blooming, in spite of her cares; a son, his eldest born, and two beautiful daughters, just merging into womanhood, made joy and music beneath his roof. Nothing seemed wanting to perfect his happiness, or add to his comfort; and daily and nightly he returned, with unstudied but sincere devotion, his meed of gratitude to the Giver of all these good gifts.

His neighbor, Richard Sawyer, was a different man. His early home had been in one of the northern States, where he had lived until nearly the age of forty. Then, tempted by the low price of the fertile lands advertised in market, he had gathered together all his means, made a purchase as extensive as they would allow, and, with his already numerous family, had removed thither.

The son of a hard, griping, money-getting father, whose soul had all been absorbed in the single aspiration of gain, he had inherited his father's sordid temperament, together with some other of the vices which belong to beings of his calibre. The wife he had chosen had been a fitting helpmeet for such a man. Penurious and mean to the last degree, she boasted that she had aided in building up their fortune by saving as much as her husband by earning. To work and save, seemed the two ideas of her life. To these everything was made subservient; comfort, happiness, the world's respect, and the regard of her children.

Richard Sawyer had commenced life upon his plantation at about the same time as Robert Gaines, and now, at the lapse of a score of years, was looked upon as perhaps the wealthier man of the two. Of this he was wont to boast. All that he had he had invested in his speculation. He had no resources, like his neighbor, to fall back upon; he had been burdened from the first by a large family; his cotton crop, owing to his ignorance, had once or twice failed; and from a similar cause, added to hard work and spare feed, he had lost a good many of his negroes. Still, at the end of twenty years, by dint of his own and his wife's economy and toil, he was a richer man than his neighbor.

It may seem strange that, with tastes and habits so dissimilar, with so little of common feeling, these two families should ever have come to live in friendly relations. But observation shows us that propinquity has very much to do in the rise and growth of human attachments. These two families, dwelling far from all others of their kind, were necessarily thrown much upon each other's sympathies; were necessarily dependent upon each other for the little kindnesses and interchanges of courtesy that belong to civilized life; and thus a friendship, the result far more of circumstances than of attraction of qualities, had grown up between them.

Some years after their settlement in the neighborhood, the first church in all that thinly-populated region had been built, at a little village some miles below them upon the river. Here both families were wont to attend religious worship; and Richard Sawyer and his wife, becoming converts shortly after the building of the place of meeting, became, also, members of the church by which it had been erected.

The doctrines of this church corresponded in most respects with that in which this worthy couple had been educated.

One by one their children left them, glad to escape from a home unblessed by anything that makes that spot the most beautiful and beloved of earthly resting-places. All their youth had been passed in so much of toil as they were able to fulfill, with the hope of gain the sole incentive for all this thankless and hopeless labor. All this was bad enough, but when to the unhappy influences of this home was added a fanatical religion, manifesting itself in outward forms only, forms irksome from their frequency and hollowness, and in none of the sweet and kindly fruits of true Christianity, the situation of Richard Sawyer's children became unendurable. The sons wandered away to seek more congenial employments and associations elsewhere; and, one by one, the daughters married hastily, and with the one thought, for the most part, of escaping to other scenes. It may be that none of them were happier for the change, but they could hardly be less happy.

So, one by one, all went away until Amy, pretty Amy Sawyer, as she was called, the youngest child, the only one born in their southern home, alone remained. She was the pet of her parents. They loved her as well as such as they are capable of loving aught but money. She had been from her youth exempt from the ruder tasks to which her sisters had been compelled, and had been able, by her winning ways, to coax from her father and mother, hard and sour as they were to others, many a little indulgence forbidden to the others, but sure to be shared by loving little Amy.

Amy being nearest in age to the children of her father's neighbor, Mr. Gaines, had been their especial playmate and friend, often spending whole days at Summer Hill, as their place was named, and as often having her young friends with her as her mother could be brought to permit. Thus, from the fact of early association and similarity of age, she came to love very dearly these friends, far better, she sometimes feared, than she did her own brothers and sisters, who were all so much older and so different from herself. For Amy had acquired, in her frequent visits and almost constant association at Summer Hill, a refinement of manner, a grace of bearing and gentleness of speech that did not belong to her more coarsely nurtured sisters.

This association continued uninterrupted until Rupert Gaines left for school, and was soon followed by his sisters. After two or three years the girls returned home, but Rupert only came for rare visits, until he left college, at the completion of his education. He had left home a lad of fourteen, he returned at twenty-one, a handsome, tall man, courtly in his bearing, polished in address, and full of the exuberant gaiety natural to his age, and incident upon his freedom from the restraints of student life.

During these years, with the exception of one year at school, a favor reluctantly wrung from her parents, Amy had remained at home. Gifted with a lively imagination, which had grown powerful in the solitary life she led, she had often pictured to herself the ideal hero who was to appear, at some fortunate period of her life, to snatch her from uncongenial associations, to love and be loved, and to commence with her a career of unclouded and perpetual happiness.

Rupert realized her ideal; in his presence her childish, sisterly affection rapidly changed and developed into a woman's almost adoring love. And he who had met his little Amy—the name by which he ever called her—with the familiar bearing of an affectionate brother, had shrunk back startled at the change which the few years of his absence had wrought in her. He had left her a child—he returned to find in her place, bearing her name, looking upon him with the same dove-like eyes, her white brow shaded by the same rippling curls, speaking to him with the same voice, only with a deeper, heart-born music in its tones, a beautiful woman. He had come back with an untouched heart, to receive from her its first ineffaceable impression. Is it wonderful that love deep, intense, stronger than life, mightier than time, had its birth in that first hour of reunion.

For a time all went well. Richard Sawyer and his wife had no reason to give why their petted child should not become the wife of their wealthy neighbor's only son. In truth, they were well pleased with the prospect; that the two loved they cared little, only that they were content that Amy should be able to please herself in marriage. But Rupert found a ready sympathy in his home. To his parents Amy was almost as a daughter, to his sisters as a sister, and they rejoiced at the hope

of soon welcoming her in their midst, and withdrawing her forever from the uncongenial home in which she now lived.

Days, weeks, months flew away, borne on wings of joy. On Amy's eighteenth birth-day the marriage was to take place. Her mother had stipulated for this delay, and Amy consented, and Rupert curbed his impatience, ready, as he was, to please her in all things. Meanwhile the lovers were scarcely separated for a day, and knew no bounds to their happiness.

In the midst of this bright dream of love, a great religious meeting was held in the neighborhood. A whirlwind of religious excitement had been sweeping over the State. A band of self-devoted itinerant preachers were going about, from place to place, in imitation of the apostles, taking no heed of worldly things, but giving time, and thought, and labor to the great cause they had espoused. Convinced by their eloquence, warned by their exhortations, or terrified by their denunciations, hundreds of those whom curiosity or worthier motives brought to their meetings, confessed the power of the doctrines and promises they preached, accepted the terms they offered, and professed themselves believers. And so, their power and influence daily increasing, they traversed the State, gaining neophytes and converts at every step.

It was this band which had come to hold a woods' meeting at the distance of a few miles from Summer Hill. Thither Rupert accompanied his sisters and Amy, anxious only for the novelty of witnessing such a gathering, and the excitement of a day spent in riding through the forest, and in the strange scenes of the meeting.

Soon after they arrived upon the ground, Rupert's hight and commanding presence apparently attracted the notice of the leader of the band, a man yet in the strength of middle age, with an earnest face, full of deep and kindly thought, but on which, nevertheless, the fanaticism of his strange creed and roving life had stamped its unmistakeably wild impress.

Rupert fell under this man's influence, how there is not here space to tell. Suffice it to say that to his impressible mind, awed by the scene, and already subject to the powerful magnetism of the pervading religious fervor, it was irresistible.

All day they walked apart or knelt together in the minister's tent, he wrestling in mighty prayer for the salvation of this soul, which he claimed of God as a peculiar seal of his ministry, a trophy of his frequent victories over the opposing powers of darkness. At night Rupert refused to return home, and his sisters and Amy were accommodated with such rude lodging as a tent afforded.

Before the following evening he had made his public profession, and, with shouts of rapture from the assembled multitude, had been received into the visible church which they represented. Afterward he accompanied his sisters and Amy home, but only to return and join himself to the band of preachers.

For weeks he followed them in their wanderings. His eloquence drew thousands of hearers in his train. His fervid zeal swayed his vast auditories, till, as one man, they shouted forth their joy, melted into penitential tears, or bemoaned, in the agonies of humiliation, the sins which his searching word revealed to the light of their awakened consciences.

And when, at length, the band separated, Rupert sought and obtained the license of a circuit preacher, and devoted himself to the work he had adopted. At rare intervals he returned to his home, but from the time he had professed his adherence to the itinerant band, Richard Sawyer had forbidden him the entrance of his house. Their creed was widely opposed to his own, and he told his neighbor Gaines, that none who professed it should find admittance to his home; but as it was likely that the whole affair was a youthful freak of Rupert's, he would not, as yet, make any objection to the marriage. So Amy always spent the days of Rupert's visits at Summer Hill.

But when Rupert announced his intention of devoting his life to the itinerant ministry, and embraced the lowly occupation of a circuit-rider, and above all, when he commenced the advocacy of the abhorrent creed of his new church, Robert Sawyer's anger burst forth. No daughter of his should link her fate with the advocate of an abominable heresy, he vowed, and sternly forbidding all future intercourse at Summer Hill, he also forbade his child ever again to think of Rupert Gaines, as lover or husband.

Amy yielded, for her life had been one of unquestioning obedience, to the spoken mandates of her father. She gave up her sweet hopes, but her love was not a thing to be conquered by a word. She could bury it in the silence of her own heart, but it dwelt there immortal.

With Rupert the outward struggle was more violent. Love and duty made war in his soul, but the martyr-spirit triumphed. He had given all to Christ, to him henceforth worldly loves and worldly hates must bear but slight significance. Amy's heart was his, and if they met no more on earth, in Heaven they were sure of a reunion that should last through eternity. And so, writing her a little note, exhorting her to wait patiently, as he would do, until her father relented, or, if it must be so, all through this little life, he went on his way, sad but not cast down, grieved but yet rejoicing in the triumph of his faith.

He loved Amy devotedly, but the cause he had embraced lay very near his heart. His toilsome life left him very little time for thought, and none for repining. Believing that he had cast all his burden upon the mightiest arm, he went on his way in cheerful hope and patience.

No tso Amy; in the home, now so cheerless and ungenial, doubly so since her brief dream of love, she pined during weary months. As time wore on, and no tidings came from her lover, and she was still shut out from all intercourse with her friends at Summer Hill, she faded gradually, as hope died out. It was long before her stern and sordid parents, absorbed by their homely cares and their desire of gain, observed her fading appearance. Not, alas! until too late; for when, at length, a physician was summoned to Amy's couch, he pronounced her already the victim of a rapid decline, which no remedies of the whole pharmacopia could arrest.

Then the eyes of the sorrowing parents were opened. They realized, then, the tender nature of their child, and saw how ruthlessly they had crushed it beneath the heel of an iron fanaticism. Her friends at Summer Hill were hastily summoned to her bedside, and a swift messenger sent to find the absent lover, that he might come, once more to look upon her in life.

So swift was the progress of disease, that though the messenger, with infinite pains, sought the itinerant in his wide circuit, and within two weeks from his departure brought him to the door, the hand of death was already laid upon the beautiful form of Amy. She lived still, and her soft eyes fixed themselves in mournful gaze upon Rupert's face, as he rushed into the room. He knelt beside her and raised her head to his bosom. A few murmured words passed between the lovers, thus strangely met. Then she turned her cheek softly until it rested against his own, and lay in silence.

Presently the cheek grew chill, the clasp of the wasted hand relaxed, and Rupert softly laid back upon its pillow the form of his dead betrothed. It was not until the date of her death was to be put upon the coffin, that they remembered that she had died upon her eighteenth birth-day—the day that was to have seen her the wife of Rupert Gaines.

Richard Sawyer's heart was but temporarily melted by this terrible affliction. Far from looking upon himself as the cause, he placed the blame singly upon the head of the young minister; and sternly drove him from his door so soon as the funeral services of the lost Amy were over. Beneath that roof Richard Sawyer and his wife still dwell in a lonely grief, that all their wealth has no power to soothe.

But Rupert Gaines went forth again upon his mission. For him, so exalted by the power of his religious faith, no earthly affliction could depress. Life, to him, is but a warfare, victory comes only with death; and in heaven there will be peace, and triumph, and reunion. And so he goes on his course cheerfully toiling in his great work, and patiently awaiting his reward.

GOD'S MERCY HAS NOT FLED.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Believe not those who say the age
Of miracles hath past;
That science hath beneath its car
All wonders madly cast;
For deep, mysterious, wondrous things
Are passing o'er us now,
As when our Saviour sat and taught
Upon the mountain's brow;
And the clear sky of azure blue
Is still above us spread;
And God still watches o'er us—
His mercy hath not fled.

The earth is still as beautiful,
The flowers just as fair
As when from Eden's hidden nooks
They perfum'd all the air;
And shall we think that God's own gift,
Unto a sinful world,
Hath vanish'd in the din and strife,
And is to pieces hurl'd;
Believe it not—his guardian saints
Still linger over head;
God's mighty hand is outstretch'd yet—
His mercy hath not fled.

We read within the book of life,
A holy angel came
Unto a troubled pool, to heal
The leprous and the lame;
So even now upon life's stream,
On every ruffled wave
Comes gently down Religion's breath
To purify and save;
And all the good we do, returns
With blessings on each head;
We feel that God our Maker lives—
His mercy hath not fled.

Religion sees in seeming ill
A producer oft of good,
And it can turn the poison'd spring
To nourishment and food;
And 'neath its holy teachings pure,
Is inspiration given,
And souls on earth can commune still
With kindred souls in heaven.
O, blessed visions!—noble thought,
Hope's halos have not fled;
This world is full of beauty still,—
God's mercy is not dead.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A party of us were gathered about the fire in the sitting-room of one of our Down-East hotels, when the conversation turned upon the subject of special providences. Some were for, and some against, the doctrine. An old man named Abner Britnell, who had come in the stage with us, and who had listened to the conversation for some time, seemed to be much interested. He remained silent until the subject had been pretty thoroughly discussed, and the interest appeared to flag, and then he spoke. He said he should like to relate a few facts connected with his own history. We were all anxious to hear from him, and a respectful silence ensued.

"I don't want to argue any upon this subject," he resumed; "but I have had some experience which may be worth relating, even though none of you are influenced thereby in your ideas upon the question under discussion. When quite young I lost my parents, and in a few years afterwards I went to sea, which occupation I followed until I was two-and-twenty. Then I got married, and settled down on shore. One child was born to me—a boy—and when he was four years of age, his mother died. I broke up housekeeping, and went to live with one of my cousins. My child, whom I called Rufus, was a bright, intelligent little fellow, and I loved him with all my strength, and, as he grew up, he returned all my love. When my boy was twelve years of age I failed in business, and came out penniless. A friend offered me the berth of mate on board a good ship, and after some hesitation I accepted it. It was hard work to make up my mind to leave my child, but his own good, as well as mine, seemed to demand it, and I finally concluded to go. I left Rufus with my cousin, promising to pay for his keeping on my return.

"I was gone one year, and when I came back I found my boy grown considerably larger, and very intelligent, but I was told that he was not treated well by my cousin. However, Rufus said he would remain where he was while I made one more voyage, and then he hoped to go to sea with me. I was gone the next time two months over a year, and when I again returned, I found my child missing. He had run away. My cousin said he had been able to do nothing with him; but the neighbors assured me that he had been abused, and that he had fled from absolute necessity.

"I may simply say here that every feeling of love my soul could experience was fastened upon that boy, but I cannot tell you how heavily this blow fell upon my heart. Suffice it for me to say that I never forgot him—that I never ceased to pray for him, and that my chiefest hope was still centered in him. I searched for him through every channel that was open to me, but without effect, and, sad and fearful, I set forth again upon the ocean.

"I made one more voyage, and then I was offered the command of a ship. I accepted the offer, and made arrangements for taking possession of my new post. Three days before the ship sailed, I fell through the hoist-way of a store-house, and broke my leg. I was carred to the hospital, and a new captain took my place. Of course I bemoaned my fate, and I wondered why such ill-luck had befallen me. In one week news was brought to me that the ship had gone down, and that all hands were lost. She had proved totally unfit for sea, else she could not have sunk as she did. My regrets were now changed to thanks, and I bore my confinement without further murmuring.

"When I was strong once more my employers gave me a ship, and I made two successful voyages in her. The third voyage was to the Pacific. I had a new crew, and after we had doubled Cape Horn, I began to fear that a mutiny was on foot. It was not long before I became convinced that such was not only the fact, but that I had some desperate men on board. I could see the cloud and hear the mutterings, but I could not fathom the secret of the impending storm. I had watched until I became assured that the most diabolical plot was on foot, but I knew not where to place my hand. One night, while we were off the Chilian coast, I dreamed that I was keeping my mate's watch, and that I had crawled into the long-boat to get out of the way of the rain. While there I thought that three of my men came and sat down close by me, and commenced to converse upon the subject of murdering their officers, and taking the ship. The names of these men were Brant, Cummings and McDermot. They were ill-visaged fellows, and I had suspected them from the first. I could hear every word they spoke, and my heart beat painfully as they laid bare, step by step, the plan they had concocted. They were the leaders, and were to have the offices when the ship was theirs. On the third night from that the blow was to be struck. We in the cabin were to be cut down first, and then four of the men, whom they dared not trust, were to follow.

"I started up from my sleep. My heart was beating quickly, and a cold sweat was upon my brow. The dream still sounded in my ears, and it was some moments ere I could realize that I was in my own bunk. When I had fairly collected my thoughts, I turned out and went on deck, and by a sort of instinctive impulse I walked forward. It was an hour past midnight, and the moon was just rising. I saw three men sitting upon the heel of a spare topmast—exactly where I had seen the three men sitting in my dream—and as I came near I heard the words—*'Hush! here comes one of 'em!'*—spoken by one of the number, and then they started up and went to the forecastle. I saw who they were—Brant, Cummings and McDermot—the trio of my dream!

"On the following morning I felt so impressed with the importance of my midnight vision, that I resolved to act upon it. I told my officers that I had discovered the source and the direction of the mutiny, but I would not tell them how I gained the knowledge. Three of the men, whom I knew I could trust, were also called upon to help me. After dinner I stationed two of my officers at a favorable point in the cabin, armed with cords and canvass bags. Then I sent my boy on deck to tell Brant that I wished to see him. He came down, and as his foot touched the cabin floor a bag was thrown over his head, and he was thrown down, and bound and gagged with little trouble. As soon as he was hauled out of the way, I sent up for Cummings. He came, and was treated in like manner, though we had to administer a slight tap upon the head before we could overcome him. I sent for McDermot next, and when he had been secured, the rest was easy enough. We armed ourselves and went on deck. The crew were called aft, and I told them of the plot I had discovered. I did not tell them that thus far I had only *dreamed* the particulars, but I professed to have had certain informntion. When they found that the ringleaders were captured and bound, those who had joined in the mutiny begged for mercy, and offered to make a full confession, and behave themselves for the future. I trusted them, and they revealed to me the whole plot, as the leaders had laid it out. It was exactly—word for word and deed for deed—as I had dreamed it! Three days afterward we reached Valparaiso, and the three mutineers were disposed of without much trouble.

"Two years after that I was in command of another ship, and lay at anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar. The American consul at Tangier had been a schoolmate of mine, and I was anxious to see him. Of course I didn't wish to run in there with my ship for that purpose, nor did I like the idea of venturing in one of my boats. I found a small felucca which was going there and back again, and I made arrangements to go in her. She was to start in the morning, and her captain promised to send a boat for me. The night I spent at a hotel on shore, and just at daybreak I was called from my bed by a servant, who informed me that an officer of the guard wished to see me. I dressed and went down, and was not a little surprised to learn that I was under arrest for murder. A soldier had been killed on the evening before by an American, and the perpetrator of the deed had been seen to enter that hotel. I need not go into particulars: I will only say that I was examined and set at liberty, with ample apology for the mistake which had been committed. The murderer had been found, and he proved to be a Dago instead of an American. However, I lost my passage in the felucca, and was much disappointed. On the next day I learned that this felucca went down, when about half way between Gibralter and Tangier, and that all on board were lost. She was loaded with bricks, and had been capsized by a squall.

"After this I made several successful voyages, and was finally cast away upon one of the Florida reefs. I saved my life, but lost everything else. I made my way to Charleston, South Carolina, where I lay sick for three months. Late in the fall I reached New York. I was weak and broken down, and well nigh penniless. I found lodgings at an obscure porter-house, and while my money lasted I had shelter. I was totally unfit for work, and could not beg. On the fourth day my purse was empty, and I started out to find, if possible, some means of getting a passage to Boston, where I might find friends who would help me. I was dragging my way along Fulton street, when I saw a purse upon the side-walk. I picked it up, and when I had gained a secluded spot I opened it. It contained five hundred and some odd dollars in bank notes, and a small card, upon which was printed a neat advertisement of the Astor House. There was no name upon the purse, nor were there any papers in it.

"For the first time in a long and eventful life I was sorely tempted to appropriate to my own use that which did not belong to me. I felt that I was forsaken by fortune, and that if I did not now seize upon the aid which was thus offered, no other power would help me. But the spirit of Right finally triumphed, and I resolved that, if I must suffer, it should be with a clear conscience. I remembered that unexpected aid had been rendered to me in times past, and perhaps I might not be suffered to perish now.

"I judged from the card that the owner of the purse might be stopping at the Astor House, and thither I bent my steps. I asked the clerk if any of his guests had lost a sum of money recently. He informed me that a man who had lost a purse containing over five hundred dollars, was at that very time in the reading-room writing an advertisement. I went in, and the clerk pointed him out to me. He was a young man—not over five-and-twenty—and the moment I looked upon him I was startled. He looked up as the clerk stated my business, and asked me if I had found his purse. But I could not answer him. I trembled like an aspen. He started forward and grasped me by the arm, and having gazed for a moment into my face, he dragged me away into another room, where we were alone.

"He asked me what was my name. I did not tell him then, but I called him RUFUS! And when the tears came to my eyes, he threw his arms about my neck, and called me FATHER!

"In a little while my boy told me his story. He ran away from my cousin's because he was abused there, and his aim was to find me. So he shipped as cabin-boy for a voyage to Liverpool. He missed me there, and so he missed me for several years. He had often tried to find me, and had as often failed. He had been very fortunate in business—had been loved by an orphan girl, who gave him a fortune with her hand. When he had become settled down in a comfortable home, his next aim was to find his father. He had just been on to Boston to see if he could gain any tidings of me there, and he received the startling intelligence that my ship had been cast away, some months before, upon the Florida Reefs, and that I had been lost. With this sad blow upon his great hope, he was returning to his home to tell his wife that they had a father no more.

"I need not tell you how happy we were—nor how I went to my noble boy's home—nor need I tell you how his wife loved me—nor how strong is the love that binds us still. I am going now to meet them at the White Mountains, and if any of you are bound that way, you shall see my boy, and you shall see my boy's wife, and you shall see, too, what handsome grandchildren I have to love me and play with me.

"And now," said the old man, in conclusion, "I will simply remark, as I remarked before, I don't want to argue this question, nor to influence any man's belief against reason, but I must say that I am happy in the conviction that I, at least, have been the object of some remarkable Special Providences."

THE CAUSES OF BACKBITING.

What are the generality of people to do, or to think of, for a considerable portion of each day, if they are not allowed to busy themselves with some form of recreation? Here is this infinite creature, man, who looks before and after, whose swiftness of thought is such, even among the dullest of the species, as would, perhaps, astonish the brightest, who are apt to imagine that none think but themselves; and you fancy that he can be quite contented with providing warmth and food for himself and those he has to love and cherish. Food and warmth! content with that! not he; and we should greatly despise him if he could be. Why is it that in all ages small towns and remote villages have fostered little malignities of all kinds! The true answer is, that people will backbite one another to any extent rather than not be amused. Nay, so strong is this desire for something to go on that may break the monotony of life, that people, not otherwise ill-natured, are pleased with the misfortune of their neighbors, solely because it gives something to think of, something to talk about. They imagine how the principal actors and sufferers concerned in the misfortune will bear it; what they will do; how they will look; and so the dull bystander forms a sort of drama for himself. He would, perhaps, be told that it is wicked for him to go to such an entertainment; he makes one out for himself, not always innocently.

NAMING THE BABY.

Do pray call it something comfortably decent!—The name will cost you little or nothing, and it may be the most valuable dower with which you will ever be able to enrich the poor thing. No matter by what frightful appellation its grandfather or great uncle was known; no matter, either, what Ichabod or Hepsiba has the vanity to request you to give it his or her name, and promise a present in case you comply—be not deceived, as the advertisers say, but name it as you will wish you had when it shall have become capable of retaliating by calling you hard names.

In regard to the propriety of calling children after the great ones of earth we have but little to offer. If a parent chooses to bestow upon his hopeful offspring the combined names of all the presidents and military generals, we see no reason why any one should presume to interfere with his undoubted right. One thing is clear, however, there is more than one George Washigton who does no special honor to his illustrious namesake.

We repeat, give the baby a pretty name. If you feel indifferent about the matter, it is by no means certain that the child will always feel the same. By a pretty name, we would not be understood as meaning such transcendental incorrigibilities as latter-day heroes and heroines delight in; but merely one that is easily spoken, and pleasing to the ear.

CROCODILES.

Crocodiles, says a distinguished traveler, are rarely found in the Nile below Manfalout, in lat. 26°, and even there, are very diminutive in size. About Faras, in Nubia, where they are more than twenty feet long, I never heard any well established charge of anthropophagism, or man-eating, brought against them. They appear to be, in the main, harmless, inoffensive creatures, not to say *diffident:* and I suspect that the willful murders with which they stand charged, originate most commonly with those who give evidence against them. I have occasionally seen a dead body fished out of the Nile with arms and legs entire, and nothing missing except the clothes, which, I conclude, would be of no use to the crocodiles, among whom the body had been floating, probably for many leagues. Nothing could be so natural, as for those who best knew the cause of a man's disappearance to say—"Have you heard what a shocking thing has happened?—poor Mustapha went to fetch a pail of water this morning, and a crocodile took him;" and thus this calumniated fish has of late days lost its character. Herodotus relates, that the priests at the Lake Mæris kept a tame crocodile, which used to come ashore for cakes and wine, and was very gentle.

DR. JOHNSON ON LIARS.—Even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers, who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang. The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned, and disowned; he has no domestic consolations which he can oppose to the censures of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity where his crimes may stand in place of virtues, but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend and without apologist.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—At all times presence of mind is valuable. In time of repose it enables us to say and do whatever is most befitting the occasion that presents itself; while in time of trial it may protect, and in danger preserve.

MEMORY.

Of all the gifts with which a beneficent Providence has endowed man, the gift of memory is the noblest. Without it life would be a blank—a dreary void, an inextricable chaos, an unlettered page cast upon the vast ocean of uncertainty. Memory is accumulative; it is the granary of youth, the treasury of old age. Youth is the season in which we possess her in full vigor; our impressions are then vivid and lasting, and as those peculiar and beautiful qualities so eminently distinctive in early life begin to unfold—that generous confidence which places implicit trust in others, that poetry of the imagination and warmth of fancy that tinges every object *couleur de rose*—a fount of happy thoughts and gentle memories is treasured up, which not all the stormy bustle of after years can ever eradicate. As the scene of life opens on our view, and men enter into the world, mingle in its pomp and glory, its toil and pleasure, its strife and ambition, the beautiful illusion may vanish from his sight—each visionary thought and fond, delusive dream, may sink beneath the crust of worldly hopes and interests—the glowing enthusiasm and singleness of soul be gone, never to return, and he may think himself wiser and better by the change. But the flowers of memory are still green in his heart. The latent fire still burns in his bosom, as he treads the eventful path of life; in a long and weary pilgrimage he must experience many and frequent vicissitudes; care and sorrow will lay their corroding fingers on his brow; pain, sickness, the disappointment of cherished hopes, misfortune under some of its varied aspects, will creep into his soul, as the sere and yellow leaf advances, and as old age creeps on apace, the wisdom of this provision of Divine Providence becomes more apparent, earth's jarring strife and ceaseless turmoil begins to pale upon his senses, and as the restless thoughts and bitter fancies, the accumulated rubbish of later years, gradually sink into oblivion, the memory of youth, like a Phœnix, arises from the ashes; every-day affairs and transactions now begin to fade like a vapor on a mirror, and leave little trace upon the mind, whilst the minutest incident connected with youth, or even childhood, is recalled with vivid and startling accuracy. Memory, like imagination, is the common property of all, belongs equally to all ranks, and varies only in some of those assimilating features which generally form a connecting link with the great family of mankind.

Some one has remarked that God has never created two individuals whose countenances exactly resemble each other. This is equally applicable to memory. Gall and Spurzheim unite in declaring that there are as many different kinds and degrees of memory, as there are organs for the acting and reflecting faculties. The memory of some people resembles a sieve—a variety of things are continually passing through their minds, but they retain nothing; some are retentive only in trifles, and allow the more important details to escape, whilst others are of that delightful description so happily possessed by the great novelist, Sir Walter Scott, which, without any previous effort of the mind, instantly appropriates whatever pleases or strikes the imagination.

An instance of this is related in the life of the poet Campbell. Scott and he had been enjoying a sail on the river. The poet took the opportunity to read aloud in manuscript his poem of Hohen Linden, to the great delight of the novelist, who was particularly fond of heroic verse. Some days after, Campbell remarked to Sir Walter that he had lost the manuscript of his poem, and could not recollect a word of it. *"I think I can assist you," said Scott, humorously; "get your pen and I will dictate,"* and, to the profound astonishment of the bard of Hope, he repeated the entire poem *verbatim.*

Memory is too often accused of treachery and inconstancy, when, if inquired into, the fault will be found to rest with ourselves. Although nature has wisely proportioned the strength and liberality of her gifts to the various intellects around, yet all have it in their power to improve it, by classing, analyzing and arranging the different subjects which successively occupy their minds. By these means habits of thought and reflection are acquired, which will materially conduce to the invigorating of the understanding, the improvement of the mind, and the strengthening and correction of the mental powers, or, to use an Eastern aphorism, "The weakest capacity, by aiming at excellence, will be above mediocrity; the strongest, by aiming at mediocrity, will fall short of it." C. P.

OUR HIGHER DESTINY.

We come into the world to spend the careless, fleeting moments of childhood; to drink in the elements of being; to learn the rudiments of life. As the mother dresses her laughing child in a loose, homely garment, fitted to its thoughtless sports and playful business, so God has clothed us all in frail, perishable bodies, fitted for the childish business of mortal life. We are not always to be pressed down in the chafing bands of childhood—we cannot always wear the homely garments of mortality. Earth has many bright attractions, it has a thousand precious blessings, and yields us all, perhaps, that our present capacities can appreciate. But earth is not our home. It has not given us a sphere in which we could find consummate satisfaction; a sphere in which perfect happiness, and holiness, and wisdom could be found, nor a sphere in which we would choose to "live always." We are only sent to bud and blossom here, and then be transplanted in some friendlier climate, some purer region, some holier atmosphere. We cannot go away until this body, this infant garment is put off. It cannot be taken with us—we shall not want it, we shall not need it in our final home. The butterfly would be pained to wear its parent covering. The eagle could not follow the sun in its course, if his narrow shell were not exchanged for wings. Immortal spirits would be pained and circumscribed in their beatific sphere, if hampered down by the swathing of immortality.

MEEKNESS.

How difficult it is to be of a meek and forgiving spirit when despitefully used. To love an enemy, and forgive an evil speaker, is a higher attainment than is commonly believed. It is easy to talk of Christian forbearance among neighbors, but to practice it ourselves, proves us to be Christians indeed. The surmises of a few credulous persons need not trouble that man who knows his cause is soon to be tried in court, and openly acquitted. So the evil language of the times need not disturb me, since in the day of judgment "my judgment shall be brought forth as the noonday."

SIGNIFICANCE OF FLOWERS IN INDIA.—Flowers are important in love matters. If a lady gives a gentleman a rose in the morning, it is significant that he has not yet, at least in her imagination, passed into the yellow leaf; but if she presents it to him in the evening, there is no hope for him, unless he can rejuvenate himself.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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STOP!

A little word, of familiar sound and use, sometimes most suggestive, and often startling. Ordinarily, it is a call to pause, to halt, to stand still, to hold on—a signal for cessation and rest—but it has larger meaning when it rings out in notes of warning, rebuking a wild career, an evil purpose, a vicious practice. Welcome as the sound of festal pipes and wedding bells, when the lover calls it to the maiden of his heart, when the school-boy hears it summoning him from wearying studies to the play-ground, when the toiler catches its message from the dial and the horn, and for an hour drops his spade in the furrow and his hammer upon the wall. The child stops by the way-side to pluck a flower, to chase a butterfly, to cast a pebble into the silvery brook; the youth stops, gazing wistfully at the fairy loveliness that trips in rosy paths; manhood stops, sometimes from ways of error, but oftener in the midst of noble purposes, faltering backward with a coward's heart.

By the grave-stone we all pause, and surely the hour cometh, and is not afar off, when before one awful shadow we shall all stop—stop in and from all our busy ways, our madness of vanity and ambition, our frowardness and waywardness, our strifes, our enmities—our all of earth. Sudden as thought, when "the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the cistern," we shall stop! beyond the boundaries of time, beyond the chances of consideration, beyond the power of recall. In whatever we have gone, and done, beyond the right, in that hour we must lie down and abide by our going and doing, and the master of life, the blessed and bountiful Life-Giver, will thereafter be our judge.

O, in the midst of life let us for a moment, then, thoughtfully stop—stop and consider if all our ways and deeds be just and right, consider if our passions be under Wisdom's curb and control, if our talents be put to the best service, if our advantages be all improved, and our blessings all acknowledged. Let us stop and see if there is nought to repent of, to repair, to cast out, to renew. Stop thy disobedience, O, child; thy hand, O, gamester and wine-quaffer; thy tongue, O, blasphemer; thy greed, O, man of gold; thy bale-fire, O, slanderer; thy pride, and bigotry, and hypocrisy, O, pharisee; of whatever caste and class thou art. Stop, now, while remedy and atonement are at hand—while thou hast the power to set thine own record right. Incalculable the wretchedness and ruin that might be averted by obeying that little word, Stop!

BOND-SOVEREIGNTY.

How irksome must be the sovereignty, which marked by a crown, precludes its possessor from free intercourse with the masses of mankind. The regal king is a caged man, bound by a narrow circle of etiquette to remain in his gilded prison. That association and converse with men of all conditions, which informs and instructs the poet, the philosopher and the sage, and which is essential to a just appreciation of man, is denied to the wearer of a crown. He must sit amid the chatter of court fools and parasites, with the beautiful every-day world so full of novelty and romance, forever shut from his observation. How much nobler the condition of the republican sovereign, whose crown is his liberty to walk abroad, a peer among his fellow-men—than whom, none by right or inherent estate, can be more peerless. The former, we have seen dragged from fallen thrones amid the execration of millions; the latter, sits on his throne permanent as the endurance of the human race. The wise man would not hesitate long, were he called to choose between these two sovereignties—the one narrowing the world to a cluster of knaves and sycophants, and the other giving the earth's boundaries for man's goal.

SLANG.

Slang is not only offensive, it is disgusting to every noble and considerate mind. In speech, God has given us our highest gift and grace; and when language is made the pure vehicle of pure and good thoughts, man glorifies himself and his kind. It is lamentable and shocking, the extent to which slang phrases have corrupted the current speech of our times. Senseless and idle words have crept in and crowded out their infinitely betters, until there is scarcely a vestige of society that does not daily degrade our sterling mother tongue. In one of his reflections, Cicero links with the traitor to his country, him who corrupts or profanes his country's language. Our abbreviators and word-coiners have wrought evil enough; but thrice enemies of true civilization are they who cultivate slang. Yet where is the circle now-a-days that has not its pet slang? In private, in public, in newspapers, in books, and even from professors' chairs and from the pulpit, it interlards the great stream of expression—the veriest drift-wood, scum, and dirt of human utterance. Out upon this evil, this abominable practice—this insult upon God's crowning bounty to man.

A NATIONAL SONG.—In a recent number of the LEDGER, Fanny Fern, in a characteristic article, called upon the poets of America to write a national song, to the tune of Old Hundred; and on the first page of our present issue we publish a most admirable response to her call, from the pen of our gifted contributor, WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE, who is, confessedly, one of the most accomplished song-writers of the age.

ABOUT CHILDREN.

Children are like flowers, the more closely we observe them, in all their innocent, yet often strange ways and thoughts, the more attractive and beautiful will they seem. True, there are offensive children, not so much in and of themselves as because of bad training, but the exception to the general rule of their attractiveness is too slight, taking the whole range of childhood, to be worthy of notice. The naturalness, the confidence, the pure frankness and sincerity of an uncorrupted child, may well stand us in token of the kingdom of heaven. Children, of themselves, are fresh and pure as the air or the snow-flakes, and their freedom from falsehood and deceit ought to be to the grown generations a perpetual lesson and rebuke. Yet, with all the simplicity and ignorance of the untaught child, there often comes from them such queries and reflections as startle and puzzle the profoundest philosopher. Their intuitions, or their common sense, rather, is not unfrequently wiser than all the lore of the learned.

That wonderful trust of children in the power of their parents, what other faith is like it? If man could or would have one half the faith in God, that the child has in its parents, or could believe half as sincerely in the boundlessness of His power, what worshipers and God-servers we should all be. The child, except so lessoned by experience, is no halter nor doubter. He rushes eagerly toward whatever tempts his quick senses; he believes everyone, has confidence in everyone, and is more bewildered than angered when he stumbles upon treachery and falsehood. Enthusiasm is the mainspring of the child's action, and fires all its thoughts and endeavors—strange contrast to that other, second childhood, old age.

Happy childhood! innocent, beautiful children! Yours is the unclouded dawn of life, the flowery path, the hour of freedom, such as flees away with the flowing of the life-stream, and will never more return on earth. Wherever you are, in city or country, by field or flood, in cottage or in palace, mirth, and glee, and joy are with you. A gleam of sunshine, the flight of a butterfly, a moment of pastime, each and all can fill your hearts, and make your voices ring like silver bells. Whatever is new delights and instructs you. You breathe an atmosphere of ever-enchanting hopes and dreams. Precious childhood—the incipiency of a new generation—the budding of, perchance, a broader and better age—the rippling of a scarcely-noticed stream which, ere long is to become the all-pervading tide of human life. O how carefully trained, how tenderly watched and guided, should this childhood be.

FORCED SMILES.

What more beautiful than smiles!

Whether seen playing upon the face of young innocence, or upon the furrowed visage of venerable age, smiles are always attractive and blissful. He who wears a smiling face is a practical philanthropist. He dispels the clouds of gloom that overshadow the brows of care and the hearts of sorrow he meets in his life-paths, as the sun dispels the misty clouds of morning from the face of nature. Well might one of the sweetest of our own poets exclaim—

"A human smile! How beautiful!"

But there is another class of smiles whose influence is far different, and which spread a pall of sadness over everything they touch. These are *the forced smiles which the proud heart sends forth, as counterfeiters send forth their deceptive coin*—which wreathe the brow of vanity with garlands, in which there is no vitality, worn to hide *the aching heart of the wearer*—which are intended to vail poverty from the prying ken of the merely curious, or perhaps the heartless, observer!

This latter class of smiles is graphically portrayed by the poet just quoted, where he sings—

"You've seen the lightning-flash, at night,
Play briefly o'er its cloudy pile,
The moonshine tremble on the hight
Where winter glistens cold and bright,
And like that flash, and like that light,
Is sorrow's vain and heartless smile.'

MEMORABLE.

"In the year of grace." Surely this is one of the years of grace to the mind of him who observes all the progress-making events on its record. Suppose Louis IV. of France, or George III. of England, had been told that in 1858, counselors-at-law would stand up in their capitals, under the very shadow of the throne, and in defence of men arraigned for conspiracy and assassination, would boldly plead the intolerable tyranny of monarchy, and the desperation of outraged people in justification of what, otherwise, would be among the darkest of crimes, would not their royal brows, think you, have contracted with frowns blacker than murder? Yet, such things have occurred in 1858. Let no man doubt that the world is winning freedom from tyrant rulers and tyrant castes and creeds, as rapidly as it can bear. There is not a serf on earth but breathes freer, and thinks and hopes more bravely, than did the mass of freest men three centuries—aye, in many Christian lands, a century ago. The future, cast from the horoscope of such a present, is fair as the heart of man could wish. Near by is the age when no tyrant—no one man—can live to practice even the mildest regal despotism of our day.

SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A week or two ago, a correspondent wrote us that he was acquainted with Mr. Cobb when he resided in Philadelphia. We replied, at the time, that Mr. Cobb never lived in that city; but our correspondent persisted in the truth of his statement, and would have it that he was correct. We then wrote to Mr. Cobb himself on the subject; and, as his answer, although not intended for publication, will doubtless interest our readers generally, we have taken the liberty to print it:

DEAR ROBERT—**** You are right. I *never* lived in Philadelphia. I was born in Waterville, Maine, where I spent five blushing, budding, promising, hopeful years of earliest childhood. Then I moved to Malden, Massachusetts—close by the "Hillside," where I spent eleven years of bursting blossoming boyhood. Then to Waltham, Mass., three years. Then at sea between three and four years, in Europe, and Asia, and Africa. Then in Boston nine years. Then in Norway till I came to New York, since which time I'll trouble you to calculate for yourself. * * * * * *

SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

LAW.

Law, in its present state, is a mystery. None of the uninitiated can enter even into the vestibule of the temple. Law ought not to be a branch merely, but the chief branch of social ethics. Society knows nothing about it but by means of the lawyer. A digested code of plain, undeniable legal principles, founded on the morality of common sense, applied to every day's transactions, might render the whole community wiser, better, more prudent, more cautious, and less litigious. Men would be better able to judge when they ought and when they ought not to go to law. They would be better jurors, better arbitrators, wiser and better men. There is nothing on which there is so much money uselessly squandered as law.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HEAR! HEAR!

Mr. Chairman, I rise to say, that there are no faults of sex; that there exist only faults of individuals. Prove it? Do not men say that "woman never proves anything, she only asserts?" Very well. I "*assert*," then, that men are just as fond of gossiping as women; one talks about the laces and shawls of her neighbor Mrs. Smith, how many times she has been married, and to whom; the other gets up scandal quite as virulent concerning political opponents, or business rivals. Women are no fonder of dress than men, only that men have the grace to do their prinking in the house; as everybody who has ever had the eye-range of hotel-windows, and knows what a work of time it is for them to locate a breast-pin, or a set of studs, or to tie a cravat, or to wriggle into a new coat, can testify. Women are no vainer than men; the ugliest man alive always believes himself capable of attracting the prettiest woman. A walk in Broadway with one's eyes open will convince any skeptic of this. Women are no fonder of coquetting than men, only that the latter hide it under a thousand dignified, humbugging names. Men are no more tolerant of a rival than women. The flattered beauty, with a sweet smile, presents her rival with a pomade, which, she assures her, will add lustre to her beautiful ringlets; but which, in fact, causes them all to drop off. Artists, when a new debutant makes a successful hit with a picture, do not refuse it a place in their public exhibition; but they take care to hang it in so bad a light, or to surround it with such unharmonious tints, that it shall be completely neutralized.

Lady friends, it is said, when vexed with each other, betray one another's secrets; how is it with politicians when they turn their coats? Pshaw! it is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other; men are exactly like women about all these things, only a little more so! For hundreds of years they have been peppering our sex, and we have been fools enough to bear it, with such proverbs as this—"when a woman will, she will, and when she won't, she won't, and there's an end of it;" as if we all did not know, though it has been as much as our necks were worth to say it, that one might as well try to pry up the Alps with a cambric needle, as to move a man's will when he plants his lordly foot down. Hitherto women, silently accepting this fact, have been content, where they could not contend, to *Delilah* them out of it; but the day has gone by for such baby play. Women have the floor now, and the pen, too, Mr. Public; and you may take your seat. Wriggle in it you may; turn aside the great earnest questions of the day about woman's rights, in the flippant school-boy tone of the "New York Times," if you will; these questions, in which every husband, father and brother, who *truly* respects our sex, should take a manly interest;—remember, they have yet to be met and settled. "Free Love" may bring discredit on them, by intruding its nauseous doctrine in their midst, and with a bland smile and winning speech, hold out freedom to woman with one hand, while with the other he is riveting, and *knows that he is riveting for his own selfish, sensual pleasure*, her chains—tenfold tighter with the other. These tares must needs grow up with the wheat; still is the wheat there, silently ripening unto a harvest that we may never see, but which we may be well content to sow for other reapers.

FANNY FERN.

PRETENSION VS. WORTH.

Mere pretension is far too much the order of the day. It is so frequently successful, too, in the procurement of the external goods of life, that there is not much room to wonder at its employment by the ambitious, not to say the necessitous. In competition with it, modest worth is, time and again, thrown into the shade beyond recognition.

This tendency of things social should not be encouraged. Every right-thinking person should set his face against it, utterly, and do his part in reforming it. The young, particularly, should be taught to avoid pretension, as destructive of every thing like a true basis of character. They should be brought to see that an over-estimate of their personal ability or worth is the worst of misfortunes, while all attempts to pass for what they know they are not, are worse than a folly—nothing short, in fact, of hypocrisy, to the user of which the poet Dryden has addressed himself in words as truthful as withering, where he exclaims—

"Fair hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain!"

What society needs most, in this connection, is more deference to those who are too modest or diffident to make their real value known, and hence pass their entire lives in obscurity, as it happens in too many instances, like flowers, "born to blush unseen," and "waste their sweetness on the desert air" of social obscurity! Most flowers bloom through all the hours of the day. But there are some to whose blooming the sun's rays are a *sine qua non*—hence they close with the close of day. To their fullest development and usefulness, in the Divine order, the genial rays of the great luminary are indispensable. So it is with the possessors of modest worth. They need the genial rays of sympathy to warm their energies into activity—to develop the untried powers of their heads and their hands, and render their lives prosperous and happy.

IN WANT OF "CERTIFICATES!"

Some of the GIFT ENTERPRISE men have lately been soliciting "certificates" of their "character" from some of our citizens. This shows good judgment on the part of these fellows, as it seems they are themselves conscious that they need certificates! One of these concerns, the managers of which *claim* to be honest, *ought* to have a certificate from us; but we do not care about advertising them by name just now. We can certify, however, that, like the fraudulent concern of Broome-street, they quoted and published a friendly notice, purporting to be taken from a leading and influential paper, the editor of which, instead of puffing them, never spoke of Gift Enterprises but in the strongest terms of condemnation. When a man will commit *forgery*, will "certificates" of character protect those who deal with him from being duped and deceived?

WAR WITH ENGLAND.

The frequent visitation of American vessels by the British gun-boat, "The Styx," has set the fiery and hasty portion of our citizens and editors vigorously talking and writing about "avenging the insult to our flag," and the utterance of much other spread-eagle-ism. We are glad to learn that our Government is inclined to take a rational and Christian view of this annoying matter, and act in that wise and courteous, though dignified and independent, manner which will insure an auspicious settlement of the difficulty. The time for war—for the burning of cities, the devastation of property, and the indiscriminate slaughter of human beings, has gone by, we trust, forever.

CHURLISHNESS.

Few characteristics are more unfortunate to the possessor than this—few more repulsive and annoying to those with whom circumstances bring him in contact.

Various definitions of what constitutes the churl have been given. His ugly temper and manner have furnished a theme to the satirist, as well as the moralist, in all times. In Isaiah he is described as a miser and a niggard. Lord Sidney portrayed him as a "rude, surly, ill-bred man." To these epithets Lord Bacon has added "ill-grained." But, although these definitions, as well as the etymology of the term itself, point to the male sex as the exclusive appropriators of churlishness, it would hardly do justice either to man or the truth, to admit that it is so confined in its malign range. For ourselves, we feel compelled to say that some of the most churlish people we have ever encountered are women. It is possible—even probable—that they impressed us so much the more unfavorably because of being found in what we had been taught to regard as the gentler and more kindly division of society, and therefore we are willing to modify our expression of opinion, and say that they so *seemed* to us.

One cause, or at least encouragement, of churlishness is the mistake which some people appear to have made in confounding it with firmness. This is a mistake which shoots very wide of the mark, indeed. Firmness is a most praiseworthy quality of mind. Even when carried to the verge of stubbornness, there is not, necessarily, either wrong or rudeness in it. It may be accompanied by due deference to the feelings of others, and even with the courtesy of the Golden Rule itself.

No, no. Churlishness is a disposition very different from firmness. The latter is heaven-approved. The former could only find commendation where the spirit of Social Evil held universal sway. Let the young avoid it, if they would experience happy and happifying lives!

CURIOUS WILLS.

One of our correspondents, who has a taste for such matters, has collected and sent us for publication in the LEDGER, the following curious extracts from still more curious wills. The first is from the will of George Applebee, Rector of St. Bride's, London, proved August 7, 1783.

"My body, after being dressed in a flannel waistcoat, instead of a shirt, an old surtout coat, and breeches without linings or pockets; an old pair of stockings, shoes I shall want none (having done walking), and a worsted wig, if one can be got, I desire may be decently interred."

The second is from the will of Stephen Swaine, of St. Olive's, Southwark, proved February 5, 1770.

"I give and bequeath unto John Abbott, and Mary, his wife, the sum of six-pence apiece, to buy each of them a halter, in case the Sheriffs should not be provided."

The third is from the will of William Shackell, Esq., Governor of Plymouth, proved October 12, 1782.

"I desire that my body may be kept as long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead. I also make this further request to my dear wife, that as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying another."

The following is from the will of Philip Thicknesse, Esq., of London, but subsequently of Boulogne, in France, deceased, proved January 24, 1793.

"I leave my right hand, to be cut off after my death, to my son, Lord Audley, and I desire it may be sent to him, in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God, after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father who once affectionately loved him."

OUR DIPLOMACY.

What this nation wants to give it the character of which it is capable, and the influence which ought to be its due, is, more than any other thing else, a thorough republicanising of its diplomatic corps. We have seldom, since the very earlier administrations, been represented abroad by men of the character and intelligence requisite to sustain the national credit and honor. The wretched system of partizanship has been carried to the extreme, and political hacks and demagogues have been sent to speak and act for us where none but men of first rate talent, undoubted patriotism, and spotless character ought to have gone. Here a drunken, bullying, bowie-knife carrying bravo, and there a conceited ignoramus—such have frequently been our national official types of the American Republican, in the diplomatic circles of Europe. No wonder that such ambassadors have been the laughing-stock of potentates and courtiers, and but for the fact that some traveled and studied Europeans know that we are a good deal better than the specimens we send on foreign missions, we should be given over in the Old Word as a nation of pretentious dunces.

Not one of them truly maintains the republican character, as Franklin, and Deane, and men of the earlier times did. We are sorry to say it, but it is a fact, that our diplomatic Americans are among our very poorest specimens.

SUICIDE.

This crime is on the increase in this country. It seems to keep pace with infidelity, free-love, socialism, and other demoralizing doctrines, which have been transplanted hither from Europe by French and other socialists, and find congenial soil in the minds of the more dissolute portion of our inhabitants. Suicide is a cowardly act. It is a confession of defeat—a humiliating acknowledgment that the perpetrator has discovered his own incapacity, and his lack of all the higher elements of manhood. A notorious illustration of this was recently given in this community, by a well known literary man; but as he besought the charitable silence of the public press, we will not dwell on his case for the purpose of "pointing the moral" of our article.

SHREWD MORMONS!

The last news from Utah indicates that the "Mormon difficulty" will be adjusted without bloodshed. The Mormon men are plucky, and bloodthirsty, and full of fight; but they dread the advent among them of several thousand neatly dressed soldiers, with hundreds of epauletted officers, because they fear that their wives would turn traitors, and marry into the enemy's ranks. Shrewd Mormons! They know their wives, and have a salutary fear of the fascinations of fifes and drums, mustaches and uniforms, and so gladly arrange a public peace to escape domestic warfare, and sacrifice their whims to save their women.

IT CAN BE DONE.

There has long been an outcry in the land that "the law can not be enforced!" But recent events show that it can be enforced, whenever the officers selected to enforce it will do their duty. It had become a popular superstition that the law could not be enforced, in this city, against the multifarious swindlers who infest the community; but Mayor Tieman has exploded this fallacy, by bringing villians of almost every description to justice, and breaking up their strongholds. Let us hear no more, therefore, about the "impossibility" of enforcing the laws. It *can* be done.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE shortness of life has afforded as many arguments to the voluptuary as to the moralist; and there can be no doubt that the ascetic, in his cell, is seeking his own happiness with as much selfishness as the professed epicurean. One betakes himself to immediate, the other to remote gratifications; one devotes himself to sensuality, the other to mortification; one to bodily, the other, perhaps, to intellectual pleasures; one to this world, the other to the next; but the principle of action is the same in both parties, and the ascetic is perhaps the most selfish calculator of the two, inasmuch as the reward he claims is infinitely greater and of longer endurance. He is usurious in his dealings with Heaven, not putting out the smallest mortification except upon the most enormous interest. His very self-denial is selfish, for the odds are incalculably in favor of the man who bets body against soul.

THE independence of the bar, it seems to us, is very much like a ghost, a thing much talked of, but seldom seen. If a lawyer possesses any professional or moral independence, it cannot be worth much, for a few dollars will generally purchase it. If he is entitled to be called independent, it must be because he is singularly independent of all the scruples which operate upon the consciences of other men. Right and wrong, truth and falsehood, morality and profligacy, are all equally indifferent to him. Dealing in law, not justice, his brief is his bible, the ten dollars (more or less) of his retaining fee his decalogue.

A "BAIT" may be defined as one animal impaled upon a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third. Were the latter to change places with either of the two former (which might generally be done with very little loss to society) it would enable a man using the bait to form a better notion of the pastime he is in the habit of pursuing. To make some approximation to strict retributive justice, he should gorge the bait, and his tormentor should have all the humanity and ingenuity of an experienced angler.

A BACHELOR is a fellow who cuts himself off from a great blessing for fear of a trifling annoyance. He rivals the wise-acre who secured himself against corns by having his legs amputated. In his selfish anxiety to live unencumbered, he only subjects himself to a heavier burthen; for the passions, that apportion to every individual the load he is to bear through life, generally say to the calculating bachelor—"As you are a single man, you shall carry double."

FOR the flattery lavished first upon a successful work, an author generally pays dearly by the abuse poured upon its successors; for we all measure ourselves by our best productions, whilst others measure us by our worst. Writers are too often treated by the public as recruits are served by recruiting officers—made drunk first, only that they may be safely *whipped* all the rest of their lives.

STRONG and sharp as a man's wit may be, it is neither so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment. He that has not strength of mind to forgive, is by no means weak enough to forget, and it is much more easy to do a cruel thing than to say a severe one.

As the next thing to having wisdom ourselves is to profit by that of others, so the next thing to having merit ourselves is to take care that the meritorious profit by us; for he that rewards the deserving makes himself one of the number.

A FLORIDA paper speaks of the stranding of a whale or some other big fish upon the beach, and says that the citizens had to use a ladder twenty feet in length to get on his back. We should think such a fish very difficult to scale.

A MORAL writer asks how a divorced husband and wife can repair the injury done to their children. Perhaps they can in most cases best repair it by *re-pairing* themselves.

A CONTEMPORARY asks if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives. It is thought a much more interesting inquiry, whether they are fitted for husbands.

To know a man, observe how he *wins* his object, rather than how he loses it; for when we fail, our pride supports us, when we succeed, it betrays us.

"WHAT would you do if you were a man?" said a gentleman angrily to a lady of our acquaintance. "Sir, what would you do if you were one?"

A FRIEND of ours boasts that the ladies have lately sent him a dozen pairs of slippers. He must be a slippery fellow.

"No man in the nation is more *indebted* to the people than I am," said an old office holder. "Indeed, sir; how much of their money have you taken?"

"PLEASE, sir, give us a shilling." "For what?" "To bury a lawyer." "Here, take five dollars, and bury forty of them."

IT has been said that the American Indians and the American ladies differ in this—the former whoop only in battle, the latter hoop always.

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with decision. Either yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.

WHOEVER educates this year's girls becomes the benefactor of last year's boys.

FRIENDSHIP often ends in love; but love in friendship—never.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A REMARKABLE horse is owned by a gentleman living in New Hampshire, which he bought twenty-eight years ago, when he was eight years old. He weighs about one thousand pounds, and is in better condition than many of his juniors. His teeth are so good that he fills himself with hay, was never sick, and never was lame. He can take a gait of five miles an hour, and follow it, up hill and down, over the roughest road in New Hampshire. Although he is now thirty-six years old, he seems likely to live for many years to come.

A CATARACT has been discovered in the Sandwich Islands, which, so far as hight of fall is concerned, entirely eclipses our Niagara. The stream on which the fall occurs runs among the peaks of the highest mountains on the Islands, at an elevation of *five thousand feet!* So great is the distance from the head of the cataract to the gulf below, that the water never reaches the bottom, but is converted into mist in its descent, and returns to the clouds without touching the earth.

MISS MCCANN, residing near the Gum Lick Springs, Ky., was, a short time since, attracted by the flocking of buzzards to a spot some distance from the house, where she discovered the body of her father, suspended to a tree with a rope around his neck. He had been absent three or four weeks, his family being ignorant of his whereabouts, and the birds had picked his eyes out, and torn great strips of flesh from his arms, breast, back, and other parts of the body.

A MAN, whose name is unknown, recently attempted to cross the Niagara River from Chippewa, Canada, to the American shore, in a small sail boat. He came nearly across, but on attempting to return, he was drawn into the rapids and carried down over the cataract. His shrieks, as he was relentlessly dashed along the rapids, were appalling to the beholders, and excited them to the highest pitch of sympathy, but no human power could aid the rash and unfortunate stranger.

AN old lady, residing at Concord, Ohio, by the name of Guthrie, came to her death a few days ago, from eating leaves of the pie-plant for "greens." A physician was called in, but was unable to counteract the effects of the poison. She died in a few hours after partaking of the greens. Who can explain why it is that the leaves of the rhubard are poisonous, and produce death, when eaten, while the stems of the same are nutritious and harmless?

A BEAUTIFUL little girl, aged four years, the daughter of Captain Willard Beckwith, of East Lyme, Conn., while at play with a pair of scissors, a short time since, caught her toe in the carpet, and falling forward on her face, the scissors penetrated about an inch into the side of her nose, and inflicted an injury of which she died in a little over forty-eight hours.

THE Supreme Court of this State have just decided a point which is of importance to all business men, namely: That where parties swop promissory notes, they are not accommodation notes, but regular business paper, and that each party, under such exchange, is bound to pay his note.

THREE boys, from about twelve to sixteen years of age, were drowned, a few days since, near Green Point, (L. I.), by the capsizing of a sail boat. Parents should be cautious about letting their sons go on sailing parties. Some competent person should always be of the party.

AN Indiana paper says that two farmers living in Decatur County, in that State, recently went out pigeon hunting, and in one forenoon killed two waggon loads of pigeons! It is barely possible that there is a human being somewhere who will believe this story.

MRS. SARAH MARSH, of Heath, Mass., recently died at the advanced age of one hundred years, eight months, and seven days. During all this long life she had only been sick three weeks.

A SABBATH NIGHT.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I love this holy time. The forest-leaves
Beneath the noiseless dews are bending low,
And faintly glowing in the starlight pale
As if the visions, that came o'er their sleep,
Were of the Spirit-land. The mountain-pine
Has hushed its melancholy music now,
The weary winds are slumbering in the heavens,
Or keeping sacred vigils on the cloud
Far glimmering in the sunset—all is still,
Save that the distant waves are murmuring low
Like a lost angel mourning his sad lot
Of exile from the blessed.

It is sweet,
At such an hour, to wander out beneath
The eternal sky, to gaze into its depths,
To picture angel-shapes on every star,
To listen to the mystic songs that seem
To Fancy's ear to wander down to earth
From the far gates of Eden, and to feel
The deep and gentle spirit, that pervades
The blessed air, sink like a holy spell
Upon life's troubled waters.

Hark! the bell
Tolls out the midnight hour! How glorious
And yet how lonely is the face of things
At this still hour of musings! Vale and hill
And plain and stream and lake and ancient wood
Glow in the distance, and Religion rests
Upon them like a mantle. Oh, I love,
On eves like this, to kneel in solitude
At nature's shrine. The gentle dews, that bathe
My brow, seem God's own baptism, and each voice
That speaks in mystic eloquence from sky,
And air, and earth, and ocean, calls the soul
To mingle with the holiness of heaven.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER L.

KEHODA AND THE COBRA.

At daybreak the following morning the happy party started on horseback to pay their promised visit to Mrs. Chutnee, at her country residence, situated in a sheltered nook amongst the undulating chain of hills which form the right bank of the Hooghly.

The ladies wore riding habits of the thinnest nankeen, and large straw hats to guard them from the sun, which even at that early hour darted its burning rays upon the bosom of the earth, and absorbed with a drunkard's thirsty kiss, the dews of the preceding night. The baronet and our hero, like all travelers in India, were dressed in white cotton frocks and trowsers; whilst the costumes of the native grooms, of Kehoda, Lillian's Hindoo attendant, and the military undress of Corporal Stock, who never *permitted* his master to go anywhere without him, added to the picturesque appearance of the group which Nelson, Richard's Newfoundland dog, preceded, bounding with joy. Despite his thick curly coat, and incessant gambols, the noble animal appeared to suffer less from the heat than either the horses or their riders. Their place of destination was one of those delicious retreats the merchant princes of India pride themselves on possessing in the immediate neighborhood of Calcutta, to which they generally retreat with their families during the intense heat of the summer months. Architecturally speaking, the house had not a single beauty to recommend it, and resembled a huge bungalow rather than a mansion, being a low, irregular pile, one story high, with a broad verandah running the entire length of the facade, and connecting it with the offices, which stood a little apart from the principal building.

Art could not have added to, however unsuccessful it might have marred, the loveliness of the spot, where nature reigned in graceful luxuriance. At the back of the house rose a thick wood, enfolding it in its shade; above the trees rose the feathery crest of the regal palm, defying rivalry; whilst the flowering pepul, and magnificent magnolia, perfumed every breath of air with the fragrance of their blossoms.

In front of this retreat, which, it must be confessed, the merchant had selected with great taste, was a small lake well stocked with gold fish and water fowl; on its banks, the blue-crested crane might be seen watching with patient gravity, till its finny prey approached the shallow waters, when suddenly it would dart its long neck beneath them, and spreading its strong wings, rise with some scaly victim struggling helplessly in its beak.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Lillian, as the party simultaneously drew rein to gaze upon the scene we have attempted to describe.

"England has scenes that may compare with it," quietly observed Sir Charles, after a pause.

Rose, who was in attendance upon Lady Bell, sighed at the remark. India to her was a land of exile—not of promise.

"Do you not think so?" added the speaker, addressing himself to our hero.

How could our hero agree with him? True, he had contemplated many a spot of great beauty, both in Jersey and Devonshire—but never with Lillian by his side. Her presence would have transformed even a desert into fairy-land; and the landscape must have been sterile indeed which, under such circumstances, he would not have pronounced unrivaled.

"How is it possible Mr. Tyrrell should be of your opinion?" demanded Lady Bell.

"Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated her ladyship, laughingly. "O you men, you men! what imaginative creatures you are, with eyes only for the material. Do you remember the fish-pond at the Cedars?"

"Perfectly," answered her husband, slightly embarrassed, for he began to comprehend her.

The Cedars was the name of the seat of the two maiden aunts, and the place where Sir Charles had wooed and won his bride.

"And the boat, the tame ducks, the rustic seat under the old elm?"

"Can I ever forget them?" exclaimed the baronet, gallantly.

"You once pronounced that little pond, with its creamy, mantling face, more picturesque than the Lake of Geneva; and the fat ducks, the rustic seat, and elm——"

"The most romantic accessories!" interrupted the gentleman. "And I think so still. There, I have said my *mea culpa*; forgive me."

The pardon was conveyed to him in a smile.

"Richard," said the speaker, good-humoredly, "be careful of your vows. Remember that every word will be written down against you, and that to break or forget a single one of them will be considered little short of treason and punished accordingly."

"I have no fear," replied our hero, with a glance of intense affection towards Lillian; "for mine are registered in my heart."

At this moment Nelson, who probably considered that the speakers had indulged in their contemplation of the scene long enough, bounded forwards with a joyous bark, and dashed into the lake, scattering the terrified water-fowl in all directions. At the repeated call of his master the noble animal returned, shaking his dripping coat, and looking as penitent as any well-bred dog could be expected to do.

The visitors once more gave their horses the rein, for Zamora appeared in the verandah waving her handkerchief with a child-like joy in sign of welcome, and a short canter brought the party to the house.

After the usual greetings, the mistress of the mansion, leaving the gentlemen to the care of her husband, conducted the ladies to their rooms, to change their traveling costume.

"Lillian," she said, after regarding her attentively, "how you are changed!"

The fair girl blushed deeply.

"You have lost that sad and thoughtful air, which lately cast a shadow on your features," she continued. "Were I to read your heart through your eyes, I should say it danced for joy."

"And you would judge rightly," answered Lady Bell, drawing her adopted daughter towards her. "We must have no secrets, my love," she added, "from Zamora."

"No, mamma."

With a bright and sunny smile—which could only have been reflected from a pure and virtuous heart—Mrs. Chutnee threw her arms round the orphan and kissed her. There was no occasion for words,—the action expressed her sympathy far more eloquently.

"I believe," exclaimed the speaker, after a moment's thoughtfulness, "that I ought to feel terribly disappointed."

Her visitor repeated the word with surprise.

"And exceedingly ill-used," continued the beautiful capricious creature; "I had made up my mind that the *eclaircissement* should take place here—arranged such a pretty surprise—instead of which, I am the party surprised."

"You will forgive me," said Lillian; "it was not my fault."

"I believe it was your fault," replied Zamora,

THE COBRA.

gravely; "you have no business to look so provokingly pretty. How could the poor fellow help it? And I can't even be bride's-maid on the occasion. Will any one divorce me," she added; "only for a day—one little day?"

"Your husband might object to that," observed her ladyship, laughingly.

"Not unlikely," answered Mrs. Chutnee, "men are so unreasonable. Not all, Lillian," she continued, with a smile of encouragement, "Sir Charles, for instance, is one exception."

"And Richard is another," observed the fair girl, in a tone so gentle and full of confidence that it sounded like the murmuring of some happy dream.

Left to herself, our heroine fell into one of those delicious reveries which haunt the breast of youth; occasionally visit it in age, melting the frost winter has gathered round it. There is something too sacred in that which Shakespeare has so felicitously characterized as

"Maiden meditation fancy free."

for the pen to describe. In fact, we know of no pen, save his own, qualified for the task; and even he shrank from it. How then can we presume to venture on the attempt? As well seek to paint the tints of the rainbow, or the ever varying hues of the feathery crested waves kissed by the sunset ray.

Raising her eyes suddenly, Lillian beheld her attendant, Kehoda, standing with her arms folded at a short distance from her. There was something on the features of the Indian girl which, had she been a stranger, would have startled her—her large dreamy eyes were riveted upon her face, with what seemed a menacing expression, and her lips, from which the color had fled, were closely compressed together.

"Are you ill?" demanded her mistress, kindly.

The sound of her voice seemed to break the spell under which Kehoda labored, and in an instant her countenance resumed its ordinary calm repose.

"Not ill," was the reply, "it is the heart that suffers."

Our heroine regarded her with surprise.

"Kehoda," added the girl, "was born near this spot, and has a sister in the temple of the goddess Mariatite, a few miles distant."

"And you would visit her!" exclaimed Lillian; "renew the love of childhood—fold her in your arms—listen to the words of affection?"

The Hindoo bowed gracefully.

"Depart at once," added the speaker. "It would be cruel to detain you."

Kehoda muttered something about assisting her to dress.

"A few minutes will suffice for that," said Lillian. "Twine these flowers in my hair, and—there, I can do the rest myself."

The toilette of her young mistress was speedily completed, who, renewing the permission she had previously given, quitted the room and left the Hindoo by herself.

"I must go," muttered Kehoda, as soon as the receding footsteps of Lillian, warned her that she was alone. "I am summoned, and dare not disobey the token, which can only be meant for me."

She pointed as she spoke, to a superb lotus flower surrounded by blossoms of the yellow tamrisk, forming the center of a large bouquet placed conspicuously on the dressing-table.

"It means danger to one or both of them," she continued, musingly; "but why should I regret it. Richard Tyrrell has no love for the poor Indian girl; his heart is fixed upon her mistress. And hers upon him," she added, bitterly; "I can read it in the blush which mantles her pale face whenever he is named; but, oh, she does not, can not love him with a love like mine!"

Here the speaker crossed her arms over her bosom, and seated herself upon the ground, despondingly.

"What can the Christian girls know of love?" exclaimed Kehoda, passionately; "the sun, which disdains to kiss their sickly cheeks, kindles no passion in their hearts, which are cold as the waters of oblivion. Why should she be preferred to me?" she continued, passionately; "am I less beautiful? my form less graceful? Could he but see me as I once appeared, within the temple, before the priests, who, to further their dark policy, condemned me to quit its sacred precincts and assume the garb of servitude, to act the part of spy upon the race they fear.

Rising from her lowly seat, the speaker drew her veil around her, after the manner of her countrywomen when they wish to avoid being recognized, and quitted the house. As she glided, like a shadow, into the wood, her eyes fell upon our hero and Lillian standing together in the verandah, and the sight increased the bitterness of her feelings.

"Smile whilst you may," she muttered between her close-set teeth. "Soon will your joy be changed to grief, for night does not more surely follow the close of day than the hate of Kehoda and those she serves shall overtake you."

To avoid a repetition of a sight so distasteful to her jealous feelings, the unhappy girl—unhappy in her misplaced passion, plunged into the deepest recesses of the wood, every winding of which from childhood had been familiar to her, and with feverish steps pursued her way till she stood in front of the Temple of Mariatite.

To such of our readers as are unacquainted with the peculiarities of the Hindoo mythology, it may be necessary to state that Mariatite is the name of a goddess, who is supposed to take the pariahs, thieves—including the respectable fraternity of thugs, or stranglers—and the very lowest caste, under her immediate protection. If her temples are not the most magnificent, they at least class with the richest in India. It is in their recesses that the Alma or dancing girls are trained, rites and mysteries celebrated which good taste forbids us to describe, and the mere toleration of which is a reproach to the Christian rulers of India.

How could the Hindoo—who, after all, is more logical in his reasoning than we give him credit for—believe that Englishmen were sincere in the faith they *professed*, when they saw them not only subsidizing the priesthood of an obscene, idolatrous worship, but too often witnessing its horrors?

The chief of the temple was an aged Brahmin, named Nadir, a man exceedingly well known to the native inhabitants of Calcutta from his reputed sanctity, and, we regret to add, to the young officers and cadets of the Indian army, many of whom were in the habit of visiting him at the shrine of the false deity he served. He was a tall, venerable-looking man, with a long, flowing beard, white as snow, and a face puckered into a thousand wrinkles, especially about the eyes, which, when not cast down (as they generally were) towards the earth, betrayed great cunning and mingled ferocity of expression.

Al Morad the banker, and Nadir were seated upon a pile of cushions, in one of the most secret recesses of the temple. The countenance of the former betrayed great irritation and impatience, whilst that of his companion appeared calm and passionless.

"Will she come?" demanded Al Morad, passionately.

"The token has gone forth," replied the old man.

"She may disobey it."

The priest touched the mystical cord, the emblem of his sacerdotal rank, which hung from his right shoulder.

"You forget," he said, "Kehoda is a sworn servant of the temple, and that the penalty of disobedience is death."

Libertine and heartless as he was, his hearer shuddered; for, being one of the initiated, he knew the *peculiar kind of death* the speaker alluded to.

We cannot explain ourselves more clearly on the subject, but many a retired Indian officer, when he peruses these pages, will comprehend it. The suttee and infanticide were not the only murders committed under the sanction of priesthood in India.

In order to cheer the spirits of his guest, and while away the hours till the arrival of Kehoda, Nadir clapped his hands twice, a signal for the Alma, or dancing girls of the temple, to appear. Probably they had expected to be summoned; for, in an instant, they came bounding in to the sound of distant music, and executed one of their religious dances.

As they concluded, Kehoda made her appearance—no longer clad in the simple costume which she wore in the house of Sir Charles Fourreau, but in a light dress tissue, which floated like a silver mist around her form, half veiling its exquisite proportions. Strings of pearls were round her neck, and bangles of gold upon her ankles and arms.

At a second signal from the priest, all the females except the last comer retired, and she stood with her arms folded in an attitude of profound respect before him.

"It is well," said the old man; "you have received my summons."

"On entering the house of the Frango, the saird tobis—emblem of duty, and the tamrisk—token of death for disobedience, met my gaze."

"And how like you this residence with the Christians in Calcutta?" demanded Nadir, eyeing her curiously.

"As the flower of the garden when transported to the desert," replied the girl. "My heart consumes there."

"For love, perhaps."

For an instant the Alma girl appeared slightly agitated; then, raising her dark eyes, and fixing them reproachfully upon the speaker, she asked, in a subdued tone—

"What has the initiated and devoted to Mariatite to love?"

The priest nodded approvingly.

"True," he said, "the question was a needless one. Hold forth your hand."

Kehoda extended it towards him. The old man rubbed the palm and fingers with the leaves of some plant which he took from a small packet in his girdle.

"Have you faith?" he asked.

"I have faith;" was the response.

"Draw forth the contents of yonder vessel, then," answered the Brahmin, at the same time pointing to a vessel of porcelain in one corner of the room.

Kehoda did as she was commanded, first removing the lid. The instant that she did so the head of the cobra—the deadliest of the serpent tribe—rose above the opening, its hood distended in sign of anger, and hissing fearfully; but, without a moment's hesitation, the girl grasped it gently in her hand—when, strange to say, the rage of the reptile seemed gradually to subside; and, although she held it gently, it made no effort either to bite or to escape.

"What am I to do with it?" she demanded, without moving a muscle of her features, or betraying the least symptom of fear. Probably she was aware of the precaution taken.

"Return to the house of the merchant Chutnee," replied Nadir.

"The will of the priest is law to Kehoda," answered the girl.

"And place the cobra in the bed of the young Englishman, Tyrrell."

For an instant the girl appeared to hesitate; but the knowledge of the dreadful fate that awaited her should she betray her feelings, nerved her with desperate courage, and she once more exclaimed aloud—

"The will of the priest is law to Kehoda."

CHAPTER LI.

THE COBRA'S BITE.

Grief is not the only passion which courts the solitude of nature: joy, too, flees from the busy hum of human life, to indulge in contemplation, to brood o'er budding hopes, and nurse sweet fancies which the careless world might either mock at in its lightness, or chill for want of sympathy.

Like most lovers plunged in the dream of a first passion, Richard felt this peculiar desire to be alone, to commune with himself, paint sun pictures of a happy future, without any other witness to his feelings than the birds, the trees, and flowers.

No sooner, therefore, had the ladies retired during the great heat of the day to their siesta—an indulgence as general in India as in Italy or Spain—than our hero, instead of joining his host and Sir Charles in the billiard-room, the idlers last but certainly not best resource, quitted the house, and wandered into the neighboring wood, to seek beneath its more than Valambrosian shade a cool retreat from the noontide sun—a confidant in whose discreet ear he might pour forth his young heart's first music, confide its waking reveries, delicious musings, nor fear that babbling tongues would betray the almost sacred trust.

Not that nature should be painted dumb—on the contrary, her voice surpasses human eloquence; her lessons are drawn from herself; she instructs, delights, astonishes, and amuses, but never repeats: her confidences are of herself alone.

Love! The cynic may sneer, and pronounce it weakness; but wisdom knows that it is strength—for it is not only the incentive of youth, but the energy of manhood, and the solace of age. What a sad, dull thing existence would become without it! Ambition, avarice, or the less ignoble thirst for fame, may replace it in the brain, as fever replaces warmth, but never in the heart; and desolate indeed is that shrine upon whose altar a pure and virtuous love has never offered sacrifice.

Love! What does it not comprise?—The wife's affection, the child's obedience, the husband's and the father's tenderness, the mother's fondness—all that is true and beautiful in humanity. Deity has not disdained to symbolize itself in that one expressive word. Therefore we bid the world love on, that youth may draw strength from its generous impulse, and embalm sweet memories for age to rest upon.

We pity the man who never dreams. We speak not of visions that crowd the sleeper's pillow—they are common even to the coarsest, most unimaginative natures—but of those glorious day-dreams, golden reveries which haunt life's waking hours, anticipate the wing of time, and paint in rainbow hues a happy future. Such images are like pictures seen in a camera—Providence may never realize them, *but it is something to have seen them.*

Our more youthful readers can readily imagine the feelings of our hero as he wandered into the depths of the dark Indian forest, whose interlacing boughs formed a leafy canopy over his head, excluding the midday sun. A more delicious spot for self-communion could not have been chosen. The only sounds that broke the stillness of the scene were the hum of insect life and the song-bird's note.

It was not long before he came to a secluded dell, inclosed with trees on either side. From the giant branches of one of these a hammock hung suspended, and seemed to invite him to repose. After several attempts he succeeded at last in taking possession of the swinging cradle—no very easy achievement, as all who have tried it can testify; and having lighted a cheroot to keep off the mosquitos, he gradually yielded himself to the indulgence of those reveries which make the heart's rich music.

He thought of Lillian—drew in imagination a future home of love blessed by her presence; then of the moment that should restore him to his mother's arms, his sister's kiss, a father's blessing. In the trustfulness of his years, he saw that father's fame cleared even from the suspicion of a crime, and the past—the sorrowful past—atoned.

"Let others pray for wealth, for power, or fame," he murmured, as the visions of happiness his imagination had conjured up filled his eyes with tears. "If heaven grants me these, I ask no more."

Richard had been plunged some time in that dreamy state in which

Visions of heaven with thoughts of earth combine
To form a whole, half human, half divine,

when the sound of music stole gently on his ear, and recalled his wandering senses from the ideal future to the present.

On the undulating sward, at a short distance from the hammock, stood a female figure, whose proportions were entirely concealed by the ample saffron vail peculiar to the Nautch girls of India.

It was Kehoda, on her return from the temple of Mariatite.

Richard had frequently seen her on his visits to the house of Sir Charles Fourreau, and the looks she had cast on him had not passed unnoticed; even his inexperience had interpreted them—but his heart—to say nothing of his principles—was filled with too pure a love to be scathed by the glance of passion.

Being vailed, of course he failed to recognize her.

There is something exceedingly touching in many of the native Indian airs, to one of which the love-sick Nautch girl sang the following simple, but impassioned lay:—

There is a music in the air,
But my ear is deaf to gladness;
Changed to murmurs of despair
Ev'ry note of joy hath grown;
And my heart is filled with sadness,
For on earth I am alone.

Lips I heed not press their suit,
Breathing vows whose words are gladless
As the minstrel's broken lute,
On the desert idly thrown;
And my heart is wrung to madness,
For on earth I am alone.

Involuntarily our hero pronounced the name of Kehoda, well knowing that no other Indian maiden could address him in such strains.

In an instant, the saffron veil which enveloped her form was dashed aside, and the Nautch girl appeared in the same sparkling, embroidered dress she had worn in the temple. Heavy bangles of gold glittered on her arms and ankles, and the flowers of the scarlet pepul were bound in the long tresses of her hair, which fell in rich profusion half way down her graceful figure, whilst passion and triumph flashed from her dark, dreamy eyes.

He must have been cold indeed to the spell of beauty who could gaze unmoved upon her, as, bounding forward with a graceful step, she commenced one of the dances peculiar to her profession.

We know not whether the old poet Suckling ever visited India or not, but are inclined to think he did, so admirably would his quaint lines describe her—

"Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
And oh! she dances such a way—
No sun upon an Easter day,
Is half so fine a sight."

Perhaps we ought to explain, for the information of our non-antiquarian readers, that it was a common belief in Suckling's time that the sun danced in the heavens for joy on Easter Sunday—the day of the resurrection. There was much poetry in many of these old superstitions, and we often feel inclined to regret that all but the memory of them have passed away.

Richard, who had half raised himself in his hammock, gazed upon her as he would have gazed upon a lovely picture, but with feelings of admiration alone. Her singular beauty made no impression upon his heart. The one great charm, the spell, the crowning grace of womanhood, was wanting—modesty. The wondrous tissues human skill hath fashioned—the silken vail—the jewelled zone—the treasures of the loom or mine cannot replace it. It is the beautiful garment the hand of the Creator clothed our first mother with—the inheritance even of her poorest daughters; pity that any should be found to cast the gift aside.

At the end of the dance the Nautch girl approached the hammock, and stood with her arms folded before our hero.

Again he repeated her name.

"Alone," murmured Kehoda, "I am alone."

"What seek you?" demanded the youth, with surprise.

"What seeks the bird," exclaimed the Indian, passionately, "when the dull rains are past, and earth puts forth its earliest flowers? I am alone."

The last words of the speaker in the picturesque language of the East imply, "I am unloved;" and Tyrrell was too well acquainted with its metaphorical expressions not to understand her.

"You know, Kehoda," he replied, "that my heart is another's. I have no love to give."

"You scorn me," muttered the girl, in a sorrowful tone.

"No," answered the object of her passion, kindly. "I have no scorn in my nature, unless for

crime; for weakness I have only pity. I would not uproot the simplest flower," he continued, "unless to replant it in a more genial soil, far less pluck, then cast it from me like a worthless weed to perish. Even if my heart were free, we could be naught but strangers to each other; the difference of our faith forbids it."

"Thy temple shall be mine," replied the girl; "thy cold and sunless land my home. I have risked my life in loving thee, think not I would regret my country."

"This is madness! folly!" said the young man, more and more embarrassed by her perseverance.

"You think me poor," urged Kehoda.

"It is not wealth that could tempt me," interrupted Richard. "I have more than I desire of the shining dross already."

"Hear me," continued the maiden, rapidly, seeing that the speaker was about to leave her. "You know not, dream not of the value of the gift you have rejected. Answer me one question."

"You must ask it briefly, then," observed our hero, vexed at her importunity.

"What honors would your island queen bestow upon the man who preserved the brightest jewel in her crown—rescued her countrymen from slaughter, and their wives and childen from desolation?"

"The highest that a subject can attain," replied Richard Tyrrell.

"I offer them."

"You!"

"With my love."

The prediction of his friend Marsh that British supremacy in India was threatened with some terrible convulsion, flashed on the recollection of her hearer; but, notwithstanding his earnest desire to hear more, he scorned to trifle with her feelings, or feign a love he could never feel.

"Kehoda," he replied, "if you indeed—as your words imply—possess the knowledge of any danger menacing my countrymen, reveal it, for your own—for your country's sake. The vengeance of England will be terrible!"

"More terrible than her rule?" replied the Nautch girl, scornfully. "Has it not leveled the thrones of her princes—reduced the successors of the imperial race of Timour to a vassal state—profaned our temples—scoffed at our laws and priesthood? You know the only means," she added, "to unseal my lips."

"I am sorry for you," answered the youth; "sorry for the misery and crime your obstinacy will bring on all your race."

So saying he walked away, leaving Kehoda a prey to disappointment and the shame of a rejected love. For several minutes after his departure she stood rooted to the spot, a living image of despair; tears filled her eyes, which lately flashed with hope, and fell upon her sun-kissed cheek. Suddenly she dashed them aside, as ashamed of her weakness, and her agitated features gradually resumed their usually calm expression.

"Past," she murmured, "my dream of life is past! I would have saved him; but not for another—not for the pale-faced girl preferred to me! It is his fate; why should I seek to stay it?"

With thoughtful step the speaker returned to the spot beneath the plantain tree, where she had stood whilst chanting her impassioned lay, and raised from its root a round ball composed of grass and leaves, in which the priest had concealed the deadly cobra. Without the slightest symptom of fear or disgust, Kehoda drew forth the serpent, which curled around her wrist, but made no effort either to escape or inflict its deadly bite.

Doubtless the juice of the plant with which Nadir had rubbed her hand was an efficient protection.

"The avenger!" she murmured, gazing on the reptile; "the avenger!"

Carefully enveloping it once more in its leafy nest, the Indian girl drew her vail around her so as to conceal her peculiar costume, and walked with a hurried step towards the residence of Mr. Chutnee.

As Kehoda disappeared, a Hindoo, dressed in the garb of a fakir, crept from out the thick brushwood, from which secure retreat he had been a concealed spectator of her interview with our hero. With a menacing glance, he cautiously followed her footsteps.

The words which he had heard made a far greater impression upon the mind of Richard Tyrrell than the beauty of the temptress had produced upon his heart; and he felt anxious to impart his suspicions to Sir Charles: but, on his return to the house, he found the ladies assembled in the saloon. Not to alarm them unnecessarily, he determined, therefore to write.

Several times during the evening both Lady Bell and Mrs. Chutnee rallied him upon his abstraction; Lillian, too, appeared anxious. With an effort, therefore, he cast off the gloomy humor which oppressed him; and, when the hour of separation came, the circumstance was forgotton by all but himself.

Instead of retiring to rest, the youth seated himself at his writing-desk to draw up a report of the conversation, which, without compromising the weakness of the Nautch girl—he possessed too manly a spirit for that—might serve to put the commander of the gallant 01st upon his guard.

The task was both a difficult and a delicate one. The writer became so absorbed in it, that the low, sullen growl of the Newfoundland dog, crouched at his feet, failed to disturb him. When at last compelled to notice it, it was merely by—

"Quiet, Nelson, quiet."

But Nelson would not be quiet; the sagacious brute had perceived the presence of the deadly cobra, which, not liking its resting-place, had crept from the bed, and was gliding about the floor.

The restlessness of the sagacious brute became at last so troublesome, that our hero rose from his seat to drive him from the room, when in an instant he became transfixed with horror: within three feet of him was the serpent. Alarmed and angry at his sudden movement, it had coiled itself up, its head waving with a quick, undulating motion, its hood distended—a sure sign that it was prepared to spring.

Terror kept the young man motionless. He both saw and felt his danger; but, like the victim of the oppressive nightmare, was unable to stir hand or foot. The dog was equally alarmed, for it whined piteously. The instant the cobra made its spring, the noble animal caught it in his teeth, and the spine was broken—but not before it had coiled round the muzzle of its captor, and inflicted its deadly bite.

The action, followed by the plaintive cry of Nelson, broke the spell. Richard sprang forward and crushed the head of the venomous reptile beneath his heel.

Alarmed by the noise Sir Charles and Mr. Chutnee, accompanied by Corporal Stock and several native servants, rushed into his room.

They found Richard with his preserver in his arms, sponging its already swollen lips.

"What has occurred?" demanded the baronet.

"A cobra!" exclaimed the merchant, in a tone of surprise. "This is most unusual: they are seldom found so near Calcutta."

Richard entreated his aid to save the life of his affectionate creature whose courage had preserved him. His host shook his head.

"European skill cannot avail him," he replied; "the antidote is unknown to all but Brahmins of the highest caste."

His master still continued to bathe the lips of Nelson. The faithful animal appeared sensible of his kindness: once or twice he wagged his tail gently, and looked in his face with an expression so eloquent that it wrung the heart of our hero. In less than ten minutes after receiving the bite, a fearful convulsion shook the limbs of the dog, which gave one howl and expired.

On examining the bed, the leaves and grass in which the reptile had been concealed were discovered, and it was evident that a murder had been attemped.

The native servants were all closely questioned—all but Kehoda; she had disappeared.

After such a discovery, further concealment would have been superfluous. Richard related both to Sir Charles and Mr. Chutnee the interview between himself and the Nautch girl.

The following morning the party returned to Calcutta.

Not to alarm the ladies, the cause of their sudden departure was concealed from them till their arrival there.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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THE BODKINS OF KILLCLUNY.

A LEGEND OF THE WEST OF IRELAND.

On the remotest verge of the western coast of Ireland, situated on a bold headland of steep and abrupt rocks, which rise in precipitous ascent two hundred feet above the level of the ocean, stands the ancient Castle of Killcluny.

The wild grandeur of its situation, with the legend of a terrible domestic tragedy committed within its walls, has made this moldering pile an object of interest to the exploring tourist, and of mysterious awe to the neighboring peasantry.

Early in the last century, there resided in this castle two brothers, the last lineal descendants of the powerful sept of the Bodkins—chieftains who once owned the greater part of the west of Ireland; but whose territorial possessions, at the time we speak of, fires, and confiscations caused by the adherence of the family to the fallen fortunes of the Stuarts, had diminished to this half-ruined mansion, and a few inconsiderable acres of bog and moor. Herbert and Edmond Bodkin had been left orphans at an early age, and had been brought up under the guardianship of a French priest, one of the brothers of the neighboring monastery of St. Albans, an ancient pile almost coeval with the castle itself, and whose tall gothic spire, glittering in the sun, could be discerned from its windows. The Abbe Orne, an accomplished and elegant scholar, had been both father and preceptor to the brothers, and finding that the elder possessed a taste for literature, he devoted himself to his education with such zeal that the pupil soon equaled the master. A marked dissimilarity existed in the characters of the brothers; one was gentle, winning, and amiable; the other from childhood had displayed a fierce and cruel disposition, with an invincible repugnance to study or industry of any kind. His time was wholly devoted to fishing, and he even joined in smuggling expeditions with the peasants, who sometimes united to the primitive occupation of fishermen the less laudable one of wreckers and smugglers. Wo to the unhappy bark wrecked on this fatal coast, for what seemed a friendly beacon only lured to destruction; for when the tide was low, the summits of a long, steep ledge of rocks, known to mariners by the ominous name of the Blackrocks, could be discerned, nearly choking up the entrance to what otherwise would have been a spacious and sheltered bay.

Herbert Bodkin was of too refined and intellectual a nature for the bleak and uncongenial sphere in which he was cast. In advance of the spirit of the time, his efforts to restrain his lawless tenantry was met with dislike, and even awakened the jealousy of the few gentry that resided in that remote district, who all considered wrecking a perfectly lawful occupation. He loved his brother tenderly, despite of his wayward and sullen character, faults which he attributed to the society he had kept and the solitude he had been brought up in. With the view of removing him for a time from the latter, he offered to purchase a commission for him in the Austrian service, the only path of honorable distinction then open to the youth of Ireland. His offer was rejected with scorn; there are some natures so radically bad that it would seem the Evil One had set his seal upon their brow. Edmond Bodkin hated his brother for the simple reason that he was the eldest, in right of which had descended to him the patrimonial estate, while upon himself had been bestowed only the slender portion of a younger son. It was in vain that, in the most minute observance, he was treated with honor and respect, waited on, liberally supplied with money, in all but name the master of the castle.

One evening, the Abbe and Herbert were in a large, wainscoted chamber, overlooking the sea. The Abbe was writing, while the young lord paced silently up and down the apartment; from time to time he cast an anxious glance at the window, which was not unperceived by his companion. A storm was evidently impending, for the sky wore that peculiar leaden tint known to mariners as preparatory to a squall, and which gradually changed into a more ominous hue. A storm on this wild western coast comes on with a terrific suddenness, almost tropical. The sky becomes in a moment a pall of intense darkness, with here and there a break of white clouds scudding along the verge of the horizon like a storm spirit. Clap after clap of thunder reverberates, followed by a deluge of rain, and a hurricane of gales, as if all the winds of heaven had broken loose, and were shrieking in concert together.

Such a one now raged with frightful violence. The young man caught up a telescope, and swept the horizon with a practised eye. The priest put down the pen, and going to the window, anxiously followed his example.

"You see no trace of her, Herbert?" said he. "Perhaps she may have passed."

"No," said the young man, "she is not past the Blackrocks; I saw her an hour since; she is a vessel of large size, but I think takes a light draft of water. She looked like an Italian or Spanish merchantman."

"She has changed her course, I trust," said the Abbe, "or this gale will drive her in——"

While he spoke a gun was heard booming along the waters. With a hasty exclamation the young man rushed from the room.

In a few moments he had joined a group of peasants and fishermen assembled on the beach.

"Can nothing be done, Shawn?" said he, addressing a stout, weather-beaten man in the midst of the party. "I will give you a new boat and five guineas if you try and save some of these poor creatures."

"I'll try, sir," said the man, touching his hat respectfully. "You saved mine and my children's lives when we were down in the fever, and not one would give us a drink; so I'll try my best, but I'm in dread it's of little use. Sorra a boat, unless it might be Master Ned's, would live in that sea."

"And where is my brother?" said the young lord.

"He has gone over to the ship, sir; he must have reached her now, for we saw him alongside; the little punt went over and over like a cockle-shell, but the divil a fear of his sinking," muttered the man, as he leaped into his boat.

"Come, who joins Shawn Dook?" exclaimed Herbert. "Quick, men, for God's sake; you shall receive the same reward, and more, if I can give it."

Not a being stirred; instead, the group muttered and drew closer together. Herbert sprang himself into the boat, but the man pushed him back fiercely.

"I will not stir a foot if you go, sir," said he. "Come along, boys, come and let's have a trial; sure it would be a black thing to refuse the master."

A couple of men came sulkily forward, and leaped into the boat. She rushed wildly through the raging surf, but had not gone a few dozen yards when she was caught up by a huge billow, whirled into the air like a thing of straw, and dashed into splinters against the rocks; and the hardy fishermen, though expert swimmers, and accustomed to battle with the sea in its most stormy moods, had a struggle for their lives. As one after another, faint and exhausted, reached the beach, their friends protested that they should not try again.

The scene now became truly agonizing to Herbert and the good Abbe. The tide, always high on this coast, had risen to a fearful hight, and had driven the doomed ship towards the Blackrocks. On she came, now riding on the top of the loftiest billows, then buried in the abyss of waters. She is up; the white foam of the breakers covers the black bosom of the treacherous rock; she dashes madly forward and strikes. Above the terrific roar of the sea and winds, came those despairing shrieks of human agony.

"Ho! here comes Master Ned; he has saved some one, too," shouted one of the crowd, "or he wouldn't hold the boat that way."

None but an experienced eye could have seen, through the misty spray and increasing darkness, a tiny skiff, painted black, which appeared poised like a sea-bird on the summit of the waves, rising and sinking with every variation of the tempest; it seemed rather to sport than battle with the elements. As it reached the shore, a tall, heavy-looking young man, with dark eyes and a lowering brow, sprang out. Scarcely noticing his brother or the Abbe, who pressed eagerly forward, he shouted in a coarse, harsh voice to some of the peasants' wives who, were standing by—

"Here, lend a hand. I have got a girl here."

The women crowded round, and a lifeless female form was taken from the bottom of the boat, wrapped in their rough cloaks, and conveyed to the castle, followed by the Abbe.

"Thank God that you are safe, Ned," said his brother; "and that you have been the means of saving a human being. Is there any chance of rescuing any more?"

"No, no," said the youth, sullenly. "I'm tired of trying. My boat has been upset three times. This girl rose up beside me as I was swimming; for, when the ship struck, the boat keeled over and went down."

"It was a gallant deed, Ned, in such a perilous hour," said Herbert, admiringly.

"I saw her white face rise up beside me in the darkness," continued the young man, hurriedly, "and I let the old man go, and caught her by the hair."

"What old man?" exclaimed Herbert.

"Oh, some one who caught hold of me, and offered me thousands to save his life; but he was too heavy."

The girl saved by young Bodkin was the only child of a Spanish merchant. The vessel, laden with silks and wine, had been bound for the south of France, where the merchant had intended leaving his daughter to complete her education; but had been driven from its course by contrary winds.

Inez de Castro had a dim recollection of her father, who was an expert swimmer, attempting to save her life; then, that he had a fierce and terrible struggle with some one in the water. When she recovered she found herself alone, and among strangers.

All that kindness and humanity could suggest was done by Herbert and the Abbe to soothe the grief of the young stranger; a suite of apartments and female attendants were assigned for her use, and the good Abbe promised, as the winter was now too far advanced, to send her to her friends early in the following spring.

Inez de Castro was very beautiful, not the beauty of which poets and painters dream, but a living and breathing loveliness such as seldom greets the eye in this dreary world; unlike the haughty dames of her own land, she was gentle and timid as a dove. Such a being soon became an object of affection to the brothers. Of deep and passionate love, almost resembling madness, on the part of the younger; of respectful devotion on that of Herbert.

The fact of having saved her life would, according to all the rules of chivalry and romance, have given Edmond Bodkin a prior claim to the heart of the lady; but she thought otherwise, and with a strange reluctance shrunk from him, and even trembled visibly at his approach. At last he flung himself at her feet, and implored the acceptance of his suit.

What passed between him and the lady is unknown. That night he disappeared, and for weeks she did not leave her chamber, to which she was confined by a low, nervous fever.

Herbert and Inez were united. They lived in perfect happiness, and three lovely boys made the silent walls of the old castle ring with their merry glee. Herbert had early devoted himself to agriculture, and by the skillful farming of his lands, then considered waste and unprofitable, had increased his slender patrimonial inheritance into an estate almost princely. As time rolled on he had made many researches and inquiries after his missing brother, whom, with the strange perversity or divine instinct which causes the mother to love dearer the most erring or least beautiful of her children, he still tenderly loved.

Some fifteen years had rolled on—the gentle Inez had died, pining perhaps for her own sunny land. Herbert Bodkin had married a rich heiress, and was again a widower. The Abbe Orne still lived, though sinking into the vale of years. The evening sun was streaming in full blaze upon the castle windows. The chief of Killcluny sat in a small turret chamber, gazing out upon a prospect almost unequaled for stern grandeur and romantic beauty.

With a tranquil and happy countenance Herbert Bodkin looked upon the fair scene. Suddenly he started. A small skiff glided from beneath the deep shadow of the rocks. A tall, heavily-bearded man impelled it with a vigorous arm to the beach, then leaped ashore. Though his skin had become bronzed and weather-beaten, and the slight, sinewy form of youth had given place to one of more than ordinary strength and muscular development, Herbert knew his brother at a glance.

"You have been long a wanderer, Ned," said Herbert, stirring up the blazing logs, as they sat late that night. The two elder boys had retired, and the youngest, a fair, golden-haired child of ten, who slept with his father, buried in rosy slumber, reclined in an old armchair beside him, his head pillowed on his shoulder. "What wondrous tales you can tell the boys of those strange lands which I, a poor recluse, have only read and dreamed of."

The dark-bearded man laughed bitterly.

"Yours has been a calm and happy life, my brother," said he, after a pause of some moments. "Mine—" and his dark brow lowered—"has been one of hardship, aye, and danger. Who would think, to look at your fair, lady face, that you are five years older than I am?"

"You were always more manly-looking than I, Ned," replied the elder brother, coloring slightly. "But you will stay at home now, and help me to rear those wild boys. The good Abbe is beginning to feel the weight of years, and I have much to do. But I will tell you all my plans to-morrow. The people are changed here, and things are becoming more settled."

"You were always a reformer, Herbert," said the other, with a coarse laugh, "while, by St. Bride, my line lay in overthrowing laws and institutions. But where is Inez?" continued he, with some effort.

"Inez has been dead these seven years. I married twice, and am again single."

These words betrayed no emotion, but were spoken with a calm gravity. Not so calm was the younger brother. A close observer might have detected the quick, convulsive spasm that passed like lightning over his dark visage, and was succeeded by the nascent smile, almost sardonic, that curled his lip. He caught up a goblet of wine and drank it hurriedly.

"Good night, Herbert," said he, wringing the hand of his brother. "We will talk, as you say, to-morrow; but I fear I must be off again. This is a stolen visit I paid you; my ship lies a few miles off, and my partner (I am a trader, you know), awaits my coming." He stooped and kissed the glowing cheek of the boy, whom his father had raised in his arms and held for his uncle's embrace.

"Good night, Ned—but say nothing of leaving until you hear my plans. Your old room is ready for you. God bles you. I will sleep sounder to-night, as I have seen you again."

None but a fiend in human form could have given a glance of such unutterable hate, as that fierce, dark man sent after his guileless, warm-hearted brother. Rage flashed from his eyes, as with rapid strides he paced the spacious hall, whose ample dimensions seemed scarcely to afford room for his rapid strides. "Oh, how I thirst for your blood!" he muttered, with a fearful oath, "smooth-tongued knave, who has robbed me of wife, home, country. You are happy and wallowing in wealth, while I have been felon, pirate, slaver, the inmate of lazar houses and hospitals, houseless, penniless. The luke-warm wretch, how coldly he speaks of the loss of her whose image has been garnered in my heart like some miser's stone, and who even her scorn and hatred of me could not cause me to forget."

He approached the lower end of the hall, where hung a large portrait representing a beautiful girl, with raven hair and eyes beaming with gentleness and love. He gazed at it a moment, then dashed his hand wildly against the picture. So heavy was the blow, that the panel of wood it was done on was almost shivered by the blow.

"Ha! fair Inez!" said he, with a low, brutal laugh, "you rejected me, though I know you loved me—rejected me because I took from your old father gold that was useless to him. I am alive yet, while the worms have passed their slimy folds over thy fair cheek, and have rooted and fed on thy beauteous form. And now for my revenge. I have sworn it. Yes, most kind brother, thy hypocritical fawning will not avail—I loath thy kindness—I have here a drug which thou shalt taste, as keen but more subtle than all the poisons of Toffani; it has before this done me good service; then these puling boys alone stand in my way."

The following night a slow but deadly poison was administered to the confiding Herbert by his guilty brother, a poison whose effects were to destroy life so slowly that dissolution would not occur for months; but the poor victim was to pine away, imagining himself the prey of some consuming disease.

Finding his end approaching, the unfortunate Herbert wrote to his brother a letter, couched in such terms of fraternal love and tenderness as would have melted any heart but that of the savage miscreant it was addressed to. He confided his orphan children to his care, jointly with the Abbe Orne. The letter, directed to a mercantile house in New Orleans, was promptly answered, and in the most affectionate terms. The treacherous brother promised to be a father to his nephews, and to devote his future life to the guardianship of those dear ones. He said he would embark for home the moment he could wind up his affairs.

But months rolled on, and the Lord of Killcluny had lain nearly a year in his ancestral vault, and still the absent and expected uncle returned not. The Abbe Orne and he corresponded, though, regularly. Deeply read in books, but ignorant of human nature, the good father was simple and confiding as a child; he read with rapture those letters in which the good uncle seemed to think of nothing but the welfare of his beloved nephews. He desired to be kept acquainted with the minutest details concerning them—their habits, how they slept, their amusements, studies—the most trivial incidents of their every-day life. In one of his letters, the Abbe said that since the untimely death of their father the boys had become timid and frightened; and that even Hugh, the eldest and boldest of the three, had desired that he and his brothers should be removed to the neighboring monastery of St. Alban's, to await the return of their uncle.

This arrangement the next letter positively dissented from. He promised to be home in a few weeks. By his direction, the boys were moved to his own room, a chamber in the southern turret, overlooking the long, low valley of Killcluny.

It was a wild, autumnal night—the winds shrieked and moaned round the battlements of the old castle, and seemed to the young, timorous minds of the brothers like the wailing of disembodied spirits. The Abbe, who slept in the same apartment, for the boys would not be parted even for a moment from their beloved preceptor, had in vain, with many a pious orison and hymn, commended them to repose. The children missed the pleasant companionship of their father, and the gloom and solitude of the castle had become so hateful to them that they often wept themselves to sleep. Fear of robbers, too, was not unmingled with feelings of awe and superstition. Since the death of Herbert Bodkin the peasantry, freed from all restraint, had become as lawless as ever. The Blackrocks were again the scene of many a frightful catastrophe, and the caverns in the surrounding rocks were known to be the nightly resort of smugglers and wreckers.

But one after another of the boys gradually sunk to repose. Louis, the youngest, frightened by the continued violence of the storm, had crept from his own little bed into the Abbe's arms. The slumbers of childhood and old age are light; twice both the old man and the child thought they detected the stealthy tread of footsteps in the room; neither spoke nor stirred, except by a noiseless pressure of the hand. The Abbe knew he had himself locked the chamber door, but what struck him with secret horror was the recollection that there existed another entrance, known only to the elder members of the family, and used in troublous times for flight or security. Again that stealthy tread; the old man's heart beat heavily. He raised his head and saw by the dim moonlight a tall man, with a black mask and a drawn dagger, standing over him. The figure gave a perceptible start on seeing the white hairs of the Abbe; he did not perceive the little Louis, who cowering his slender form low in the bed, watched with stony eyes and faint, fluttering heart, his every movement. For a moment the intruder stood irresolute, then turned abruptly to the other beds, which lay in a line beside it. A cry of horror, pity, fear, burst from the lips of the good old priest. It sealed his doom. The masked figure threw himself like lightning upon him. One brief struggle, one fearful gash, and the almost dissevered head fell lifeless upon the pillow.

The child, though almost deluged in the blood of his kind protector, with singular presence of mind remained silent; or, rather, he was so faint with terror as to be unable to make a motion that would lead to his discovery. With hair that bristled erect, and lips glued in mortal terror, he heard the death-blow given to another brother; but Hugh, brave Hugh, has started up, and made an effort to seize his sword, which lay beside him. He was a strong and vigorous youth, but a willow in the hands of that gigantic man. They grappled. The assassin's mask fell off, and, oh God! the brothers beheld distinctly in the wan, sickly moonbeams that streamed through the oriel window of the tower, the dark visage of their uncle.

Overcome by the shock, the noble boy staggered back. With a yell of rage, the murderer threw himself upon him. A choking, stifled prayer for mercy—mercy for his young life—dull, heavy blows—and then all was still.

"There is another yet," muttered the assassin, replacing the mask. He moved towards the bed and removed the clothes. "Why, he is done for, too. One, two, three, four! Malediction! How many have I killed? I am getting crazed! That cursed priest! I cannot bear to look upon his white hairs, all dabbled in blood! The fool! what brought him here?"

He staggered away as if appalled. The child saw him glide through a panel in the wall before him. His heart gave one dull bound—and sense and consciousness forsook him.

The enormity of the deed created a thrill of horror throughout the entire country. Government offered enormous rewards for the capture of Ned Bodkin, whom the child had sworn was the murderer of his brothers and the Abbe Orne.

Watching for a favorable opportunity to escape, he was found hidden in one of the surrounding caverns. He was discovered by a poor idiot, searching for shells, who accidentally displaced the stone that covered the mouth of the cavern. He pointed out the spot to the soldiers, and the wretched man was taken after a dreadful struggle. Previous to his execution, he confessed an amount of crime almost unparalleled. He had been a pirate for years, but had lost all his ill-gotten gains by the mutiny and desertion of his crew. He had planned the murder of his brother and nephews long before his first return home; revenge and the hope of succeeding to his inheritance being the motives that had tempted him. He had intended to set fire to the castle, hoping thus to conceal all evidence of his crime; but that the murder of the priest, whose death he had not meditated, had so confused and unnerved him, that he had forgotten to put his design in execution. To this cause, too, he imputed his having thought that he had killed all the brothers. Indeed, the murder of the Abbe, (a paradox we leave to physiologists to determine,) seemed to give the wretch more compunction than even the blood of his young and innocent nephews.

Edmond Bodkin was hanged in front of the Killcluny Jail, in presence of an immense and awe-struck multitude, who flocked from all parts to behold the final exit of so great a criminal. The last chief of the race grew up a nervous, delicate young man. An alliance with him was superstitiously shunned; to intermarry with any relative or connection of one who had shed the blood of his own kindred being supposed to entail a mysterious curse on the remotest generation. The young man having become deeply attached to a young lady, whose family's prejudice he had vainly tried to overcome, he retired to France, and died soon after of a broken heart.

The castle of Killcluny still stands frowning over the bleak expanse of ocean, a spectacle of gloomy horror to the superstitious mariner or peasant, who thinks when the wintry winds rave round it that the spirit of Ned Bodkin sits enthroned upon the moldering battlements, breathing a curse upon them.

THE ECHO.

Once a little boy wandered away from home into the deep forest; he spoke, and some one answered him; he looked around, but could see no one. He spoke again, some one replied, and again he tried to find out who it was thus spoke to him, but in vain. He called once very loudly, and the voice replied in the same tone. It made him angry that he could not find out who spoke whenever he spoke, and always in the same tone. The little boy cried, and the voice cried; he shouted, that shouted; he screamed aloud with all his might, and so did the one hidden from him; and the little fellow ran out of the woods, home to his mother, and told what had happened. Said she, "My son, it was only the echo of your own voice, which you heard."

Moral.—The treatment you receive from others will be only the return of your conduct towards them. If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

BABIES AND TOOTHACHE.—We believe that a man who can be kept awake six nights in a week with the jumping toothache, and be "routed" by a squalling baby just after he has fallen into a doze on the seventh night—without getting mad or wondering why babies and toothache were invented—is a greater philosopher than Newton, and a greater hero than Leonidas and all the Spartans put together.

THE LADY CAROLINE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Lady Caroline, that heart of thine must be a heart of stone ;
It never yet hath softened to a kindly look or tone,
And I doubt if one could reach it by menace or by moan.

O, in your stately beauty, with your heritage of pride,
You step as though you were a queen , as tho' in this world wide
There breathed no being worthy in your presence to abide.

You keep your heart unsullied , you o'er it place a guard,
And in a Temple of Disdain, all bolted, locked and barred,
You keep your virgin vigil , is it cold or sad or hard ?

Perchance there yet shall come a day, for wo and not for weal,
When there shall be unclasped for thee a book that shall reveal
The story of your cruel years , and you shall know and feel

The bitter lot of those who learn when it is all too late
The way that leads the pilgrim to Lamentation's gate,
Where many keep their vigil, yet vainly watch and wait.

And if that hour should ever come, Lady Caroline, to thee,
'Twere better you had sunk your heart in Lethe's torpid sea
Than let it thus be tortured in the flames of Memory.

There will come to you a vision of a youth heart-sick and sore,
Who knelt before you when the woods their crimson vesture wore ;
But you sent him from your presence, to return, oh ! nevermore.

And when the morrow's sun arose, he lay upon the ground,
In fetters stronger yet than Love on earth hath ever bound ;
Know you the humble churchyard where rises Benny's mound ?

Another and still other sadder records I could trace,
And none should bring you glory, but all would bring disgrace,
Until you'd raise your lily hands to hide your guilty face.

But, Lady Caroline, you still have time these errors to recall,
To hang up fairer pictures on Memory's sullied wall ;
To let the sunshine linger where the shadow used to fall.

THE ASSASSIN OF CASTELLANE.

FROM RECORDS OF A FRENCH POLICEMAN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I had some renown as a successful rogue-catcher ; and I had had some experience, too. My field of operations, as a usual thing, lay within the confines of the Department of the Lower Alps ; and though I served under the sub-prefect of the Third Arrondisment, yet the Prefect of the Department called upon me when he chose. One morning—it was in the latter part of May—I received a note from the prefect, ordering me to come to Digne, and see him with all possible despatch. The missive came through the office of our sub-prefect, so I had nothing to do but get ready and start. I took an early dinner ; assumed the dress of a peasant ; browned my face and hands ; and set forth. When I started off upon my mission which might be of importance, I always took the precaution of hiding my real character. I reached Digne just at nightfall, and as soon as it was dark I waited upon the prefect. He seemed to be relieved when he saw me, and at once took me to his private closet.

"Now," said I, "what is it? Have you got work for me?"

"Yes," he replied ; "and important work, too. Sit down, and listen."

We sat down, and having tasted a bit of wine, he proceeded.

"Within a few months past there have been some of the most mysterious murders committed in this department, and in the department of Var, that have ever come under my notice. They are done, mostly, on the road from Castellane to Aups. The first victim was a Marseilles merchant, who had come up to Castellane to purchase preserved fruits. His body was found by the roadside, near the line between the two departments, and at first it was supposed that he must have fallen there, and died in a fit, as no mark of violence could be found upon him. His pockets had been rifled, however. The next one was found near Annot, and under the same circumstances. He was a merchant, also, and from Nice. Since then five or six more have died upon the road in the same mysterious way ; and no marks of ill-usage have been found upon any of them ; but they have all been robbed.

"Have most of them stopped in Castellane?" I asked.

The prefect told me that they had.

"And I suppose they must have put up at some inn there?" I remarked.

"Yes," said the prefect.

I then supposed that some of the landlords must be concerned. But my companion informed me that they had been narrowly watched, and that no shadow of evidence rested against them.

"But," said I, "is there not some poison in this matter? Some inn-keeper may administer the potion, and then send an accomplice after the victim."

"No," returned the prefect, with a shake of the head. "Experienced physicians have examined the stomachs of several of the dead men, but no trace of poison has been found. It is a mysterious affair. The sub-prefect has done all he could, but without effect ; and now we mean to give the whole thing into your hands. You must go to Castellane at once, and there you can get such further information as the prefect can give you."

After conferring awhile longer with the prefect, he let me have a suit of ordinary tradesman's clothing, and thus habited I went to a hotel and put up for the night. In the morning I procured a horse, and set out, reaching Castellane before noon. During the day I pretended to be doing business. I went to the woollen factory and priced a lot of stuff ; and also visited several places where preserved fruits were put up. I learned that most of the people who came there on business stopped at an inn kept by a man named Juan Fontaix, so I left my horse there, and engaged lodgings.

After dark I called upon the sub-prefect, and we spent two hours in consideration. However, I did not learn many new particulars from him,—or, at least, not many that had any direct bearing upon the case. He told me that he had used all the means within his power, but had been able to gain no clue to the guilty party. The murders had been committed upon men who had stopped at that place on business, and who had had money with them. Most of the victims had been from Marseilles, and the excitement in that city was intense. Gend'armes had been sent out upon all the roads, and secret police had also been upon the watch. The last victim had fallen only four days before, and the deed was done within fifteen minutes after the policemen had passed the spot.

I asked the sub-prefect if he had any suspicions. He answered that all the suspicion he had held was fastened upon Juan Fontaix, the inn-keeper. Nearly all the murdered men had stopped at his house, and he must have known something of their business. He had been able to bend his suspicions in no other direction.

I bade the officer to keep perfectly quiet, and not even to let one of his own men know of my presence. Then I returned to the inn, and finally entered into a conversation with my host upon the subject of the mysterious deaths. He pronounced it wonderful ; and assured me that it had injured him more than he could tell.

"Par bleu!" he uttered, "they'll be suspecting me next, if they have not done so already."

I was soon satisfied that Juan Fontaix knew nothing of the guilty party. I was assured of this by the open characteristics of the man, and by the manner in which he treated the subject. He was very fearful, and at times blanched and trembled at the thought of being apprehended for the crime. Most people would have seen in this signs of guilt ; but I thought differently. I knew that the man who could so successfully plan those repeated murders was not the one to tremble with fear while conversing upon the subject.

I spent all of the next day in the town, ostensibly engaged in business with the factories, but in reality hunting after some clue to the object of my mission. Night came again, but I had found nothing new. I knew just what others knew, and no more. This would not answer. I pondered over the matter after supper, and finally came to the conclusion that I must take to the road. I was satisfied that the murderer had laid his plans so deeply that no circumstantial clue could be found. If I would find him I must catch him with the proof upon him.

I had given an assumed name at the inn, and stated that I belonged to Toulon. On the next morning I called for my bill, and informed my host that I was off for home. Then I went to the fruit preserver's, and told him the same, stating that I must confer with my partner before I concluded my bargain. After this I went to the woollen factory, and saw the business agent. His name was Louis Cazaubon, and he had come to Castellane about a year before. He seemed to be a straightforward, business man, and yet he was the only one I had seen whom I really wished to suspect. In conversing upon the murders he had been a little too free and off-handed, treating the subject more coolly than a man with a heart would be apt to do. But still I had thus far been able to find nothing against him. On the present occasion I told him, as I had told the others, that I must return to Toulon and confer with my partner before I purchased.

"If you have not the ready money with you, we can give you credit," he said.

I told him I had plenty of money, but I was not fully prepared to pay the prices he had demanded. He said very well ; and added, that he should be happy to sell to me when I came again. I bade him good-day, and then departed. As soon as I was alone I began to suspect Monsieur Louis Cazaubon in earnest. When I told him that I had money, but did not purchase because he charged me too much, why didn't he banter me? Simply because he wished me to leave town with my money in my pocket. At least, so it appeared to me. This was sufficient ground for me to work upon, and I resolved to watch the man a little while ; so I rode to an out-of-the-way place, and left my horse, and then returned and concealed myself in a position where I could see the movements of Louis Cazaubon. In a few minutes he came out from his factory and walked away. His step was hurried and eager. I felt sure that he was not the man who did the direct work of death. The plot was deeper than that, or he would have been discovered ere this. So I resolved to wait a while and see if he returned. I would have followed him if I could have done so with safety ; but he might have detected me, and that would not do. However, in less than fifteen minutes he came. He walked now with a sober, innocent air, altogether too moderate and careless for a business man. It seemed to say— "Oh—I haven't been up to any mischief, as you can see!"

I saw Cazaubon at his desk again, and then I returned to my horse. I did all my thinking while on the move, so that when I was once more in my saddle, I was ready for proceeding. I knew that I had a risk to run now, but I was ready for it. If the factory agent was ,at the bottom of the crime, and meant to have me robbed, he had already set his machinery in motion, and the next development would be upon the road. I examined my pistols, and then left the town, taking the road along the river, towards Aups.

At the end of half an hour I came to the slopes of the Barjols mountains, and soon afterwards entered the wood. I now began to be very careful, and keep my eyes about me. I will not say that I was wholly without fear ; for the mysterious manner in which the murders had been done verged so closely upon the marvelous that a sort of superstitious dread attached to it. Had the victims been shot, or run through with a sword or dagger, or had their throats cut, I should have felt no sort of dread. For I was too much used to that sort of thing. But this was new ground. Death had come here, nobody knew how. It might have come from an invisible hand, and in dead silence. Yet, when I reasoned upon the subject, I felt sure that the murderer must approach very near to his victim ere the blow was struck, since it must be some direct and powerful agent that could cause death in so strange a manner.

I had crossed the little cascade of Saint Esprit, and was descending a short, steep hillside, when I saw a boy by the roadside, at the foot of the descent, engaged in whipping a mule. He was a slightly built fellow, not more than fifteen years of age, and his coarse garments were covered with meal. I knew that there was a mill upon a branch of the Verdon, not far back, and I supposed he might be the miller's boy. As I came nearer I saw a large sack upon the ground, close by where the mule stood.

"What's the matter, my boy?" I asked, as I drew up near him.

"This ugly mule has thrown both me and my bag of corn from his back," the boy answered.

"Are you hurt?" I continued.

"My left shoulder is hurt some," he said, "and I can't lift this sack again. If monsieur would help me, I would be very grateful."

Until this moment the idea of suspecting the boy had not entered my head ; but the suspicion flashed upon me now. He was altogether too keen a looking fellow for a miller's apprentice. He gave me a glance from a pair of quick, sharp eyes that meant more than he had spoken. And then, if I had not been very much mistaken, I had seen him holding his mule very firmly with that left hand—certainly straining the shoulder more than ordinary lifting could have done.

I leaped from my saddle, and moved towards the boy, being careful to watch his every movement.

"Now," said he, "if you will take hold of that end, we will put it on." He lifted at the other end, and pretended that it hurt his shoulder ; and he begged of me to lift it on alone.

I professed to be willing to comply, and stooped down for that purpose, keeping my head in such a position that I could watch him by a sidelong glance. As I bent over and took hold of the sack, I saw him carry his hand to his bosom and draw something out. I saw his dark eye snap, and heard his quick, eager breathing. In an instant I seized his wrist and bent it upward, and as I did so I heard a sharp report, like the explosion of a percussion-cap, and saw a tiny wreath of smoke curl up from the hand I held. He struggled to free himself from my grasp, but I held him with a grip of iron, and fastened my gaze upon him.

"I've found you, have I!" I said, drawing one of my pistols and cocking it. "I will simply inform you that I am an officer of the prefecture, and that I have been hunting for you. Just offer a particle more of resistance, and a bullet goes through your brain! Now give me that weapon."

The boy was frightened, and trembled violently.

"It is only a tobacco-pipe," he said, as he handed it to me.

And certainly, it looked like nothing more ; but I had seen enough of it to know that evil was in it. It appeared to me to be an ordinary meerschaum pipe, the bowl being colored as though by long use—only the amber mouth-piece was missing. I did not stop to examine it then, but turned my attention to its owner. I saw that he was still trembling with fear, and I knew that now would be the time to work upon him.

"So you are selling your soul to Monsieur Louis Cazaubon," I remarked, by way of letting him know that I was thoroughly posted up.

He started, and I saw very plainly that he knew just what I meant ; but he tried to recover himself, and clumsily asserted that he didn't know anything about the individual I had named.

"You needn't lie to me," I sternly replied, "for I know all about it. Louis Cazaubon has been watched by me when he didn't dream of such a thing. He thought I was a tradesman. But you are young, and I would save you. Confess everything to me, and I promise you that your life shall be spared."

I saw that the boy wavered, and I followed up my advantage ; and ere long I had him bent to my wishes. I made him realise that I held his life in my hands ; that I could protect him from the vengeance of any one whom he might criminate ; and that he had everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by a full confession. He came to it gradually and reluctantly ; but my wit finally triumphed, and I gained his secret.

His name, he said, was Henry Dupin. He was born in Paris, but never knew who his parents were. He went to live with Cazaubon when quite young, and had been with him ever since. He said Cazaubon used to be a chemist, and did some business in that line ; and it was in Paris that he invented the infernal machine which they had since used with such fatal effect. About two years previous to the present time they left Paris together, and spent nearly a year in traveling over the kingdom, murdering and robbing for a living. Finally they came to Castellane, where the master obtained his present situation, while the boy went into a mill close at hand. Cazaubon marked the victims that were to be robbed, and the boy then did the work. He used various artifices in carrying out his plan, but the usual one was the same that he had tried upon me.

The boy then explained to me the secret of the pipe. Only the outer surface was of meerschaum. Within it was a pistol of the finest steel, and of the most exquisite workmanship. The stem was the barrel, and the lock was concealed within the bowl, and covered with tobacco. A thin plate of metal protected the curiously contrived lock, and upon this the tobacco rested. A pressure of the thumb or finger upon this plate discharged the weapon. In order to cock it, the plate had to be removed. And now comes the *infernal* feature of the contrivance. The powder used in the little barrel was Cazaubon's own manufacture, and very powerful. For a wad a piece of felt was used, and on top of this was placed the missile which did the mischief. The boy had two of them with him, stitched up in the lining of his cap. He took them out and showed them to me. This projectile was a tiny arrow, not larger than a cambric needle, with one end sharp, and the other beat down to a thin feather It was of fine steel, but coated with a greenish yellow substance, which was the most virulent and speedy poison that the chemist's art could concoct. That needle once within the course of the blood, and death was already at the heart. Its wound no mortal eye could detect. It punctured the skin not so palpably as the prick of a pin. He who sent it on its fatal errand made sure of his aim, generally striking the neck, and the victim would fall into insensibility ere he could realize what had hurt him.

I returned to Castellane with the boy, and having left him in charge of the sub-prefect, I took a gend'arme along with me, and went to the factory. Monsieur Cazaubon was surprised to see me back so soon, but he was more surprised when I asked him to take a walk with me ; and when I called in the gend'arme, and bade him put the hand-cuffs upon the agent, he came nigh sinking to the floor. We had him secured before he had sense enough to resist, and he was conveyed to the office of the sub-prefect without trouble. At first he denied everything, and when he found that this would not avail him, he swore he would kill the boy.

In due time Monsieur Louis Cazaubon was tried and condemned to death, and the prefect of Digne took possession of the infernal machine. Before the villain was executed he confessed his crimes—told how many years he had worked to perfect his fatal instrument, and produce the poison—and also owned that the boy Henry had been driven to help him through fear of his life.

So the rascal was executed. Henry Dupin spent two years in confinement, and was then set free, and commenced an honest life. As for me, I got all the praise I deserved, and perhaps more. At all events, I had done the country some service, and the people were not slow to acknowledge it.

EATING FAST.

The habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralyzed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic, which he might have converted into decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of those occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of the battle of Dresden, too, the German novelist, Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the Emperor would have done much more than he did, but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions.

A KINGLY STUDENT.—Frederic the Great had five libraries, all exactly alike, and containing the same books ranged in the same order ; one at Potzdam a second at Sans Souci, a third at Berlin, a fourth at Charlottenburg, and a fifth at Breslau. On removing to either of these places, he had only to make a note of the page at which he left off, to pursue it without interruption on his arrival. Accordingly, he always bough fivet copies of the books he chose to read.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Don't cry, aunty. I love you."

And a little, sunny-haired thing bounded into the pale weeper's lap, and a pair of soft, white arms were drawn tightly around her neck. "Don't cry, aunty ; I love you." Kisses fell warm on the mourner's lips and cheeks.

"Do you, darling?" And Mrs. Overman, taken almost at unawares, and drawn out of herself, returned the child's kisses with unwonted fervor.

"Yes, aunty, indeed I do," replied little curly head. "And I don't like you to cry so much. What makes you cry so, aunty, dear? Didn't Mr. Elder say that Uncle Overman had gone to heaven? When mother died, didn't you wipe my tears away and kiss me, and say—'Don't cry, little Matty ; your mother is in heaven among the angels?' And now let me wipe your tears all away, aunty"—and the child put her handkerchief to the wet eyes of Mrs. Overman. "Uncle is in heaven among the angels, and he will tell my sweet mother how good you have been to her dear little Matty ; and then she will be so glad."

With what a sudden outgushing of feeling did Mrs. Overman hug the child to her heart. But she could not trust herself to answer. Matty nestled close down against her bosom, and lay there very still.

"Aunty." She moved at last, and looked up as she spoke.

"What, dear?" Mrs. Overman's voice had in it a new expression for the child's ears.

"Won't you show me how to cut paper dolls?"

Mrs. Overman did not reply at once. Cutting paper dolls for a child! The very thought disturbed her. What uncongenial work for an almost heart-broken mourner!

"I'll get your sciossrs." And Matty dropped down from the lap of her aunt, and went, with lightly-tripping feet from the room.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the mourner. "How can I come down to this?"

But ere her mind had reached any decision, Matty returned with scizzors, paper, and a colored print of fashion ; and, laying them all upon the lap of Mrs. Overman, said—

"Now, aunty, show me."

Thus importuned, and with everything at hand, there was no retreat ; and so, with a feeling of reluctance that it was almost impossible to overcome, the aunt of little Matty took up the scissors, and began fingering the materials which had been supplied.

"We must have some gum," she said, in a half absent way.

Matty looked up curiously, and with a slight shade on her face, for she did not know to what extent this want of gum might interfere with the work in hand.

"Open my writing-case, that stands on the table there, and you will find a bottle of gum."

So that difficulty was met. There being no escape now, Mrs. Overman went forward as by a kind of necessity ; making garments of various kinds and colors, and arranging them on figures cut from the fashion print. Soon the child's eager delight began to impart warmth to her heart ; then her feelings stirred with interest ; and, ere long, there came a temporary oblivion of suffering.

"You are so good, aunty. I wish mother knew how good you were to her little Matty!"

What an impulse of pleasure leaped along the veins of Mrs. Overman at this warmly-uttered sentence. She bent over and kissed the child fervently. For almost an hour longer she was engaged in showing Matty how to cut and fit dresses for paper dolls. The work grew quite largely on her hands ; and her interest increased with the child's eager delight. After a certain number of dresses had been made, the necessity for a box to keep them in became apparent. So Mrs. Overman went searching among her drawers for a paper box, and soon discovered one, nicely lined with delicate pink tissue paper.

"Oh, aunty!" exclaimed the delighted Matty, her eyes rounding to twice their ordinary dimensions, as they rested on the paper box, the outside of which was ornamented with a handsomely-colored group of children at play among flowers in a garden ; "is that for me?"

"Yes, petty." Mrs. Overman's voice had nearly lost its sadness.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful?"

Together, the aunt and child, placed the dolls and dresses in the box, both interested in the work.

"You must keep them in the nicest order, Matty," said Mrs. Overman, smiling down upon the face that lifted itself to hers. "I shall look at them every day."

"Will you?"

The child's loving heart perceived, dimly, that it was good for her suffering aunt to take interest in anything out of herself ; and so, in the query, her voice expressed both gladness and surprise.

"Yes, dear. Will it please you to have me do so?" she answered.

"Oh, yes! Ever so much!"

And now, this light employment done, the spirit of Mrs. Overman went back into shadow. Matty amused herself all the afternoon with the box and dolls, her heart in sunshine. Tired, at last, the child left her play ; and taking up a little book, went and leaned against her aunt, who sat near a window, shading her face with her hand.

"Aunty!"

There was neither motion nor reply.

"Aunty!"

"What, dear?"

How very cold and absent the voice! But Matty knew that love was in the heart of her aunt, and so she was not repelled.

"Won't you read me a little story?"

"Not now, dear," said Mrs. Overman. How was it possible for her to come down from the solitude of her great sorrow, to the trifling themes written for the pleasure of a child?

Matty laid her cheek down upon her aunt's knee, and raised her large eyes to her face. At first Mrs. Overman did not return the earnest gaze that rested upon her. When she did so, she was struck with two things : the sober aspect of Matty's face, and its singular likeness to her mother.

"Poor babe!" she said in her thoughts, as a feeling of tender interest awakened. "Poor, motherless babe!"

One arm now drew itself, from an impulse of affection, around the child, showing that the current of feelings in the aunt's mind was beginning to move in a new direction.

"Poor, motherless babe!" repeated Mrs. Overman. "Shall I forget you in this almost paralyzing affliction? Have I not something more to do than sitting in idle sorrow?"

A deep sigh came shivering up from her heart.

"Aunty!"

"What, dear?"

"I do want you to read me a story so much."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed, aunty."

It was not hard work, now, for Mrs. Overman to take the book from Matty's hands, and read as she was desired. At first her thought did not go below the surface of words ; but, as she read on, now a palpable truth, now a pleasant image, and now a charming illustration won her attention, and soon she was almost as much interested as Matty herself, and, certainly, instructed in a much higher degree ; for the author was a close thinker as well as an apt describer of external things, and possessed the rare power of writing up to the mature thought, at the same time that he wrote down to the childish apprehension. Both parent and child were learners alike from him.

"Wasn't that a beautiful story, aunty?" said the eager listener, as Mrs. Overman closed the book, after reading for nearly half an hour.

"I think so," was the quick answer. The mind of Mrs. Overman was busy with thoughts which the story had suggested. The author had spoken a few sentiments just suited to her case, and she felt them as reminders of duty—duty to herself as well as to others. She had actually indulged in self-rebuke, for the pleasant interest felt in such frivolous work as cutting paper dolls for a child. It seems so like heartless indifference to her great loss. But, from this simple story, she learned that into all useful employment the mind enters with a degree of pleasure ; and that a denial of self for another's good, is ever accompanied by interior delight.

The truth had come to her at the right time, and, as she dwelt upon it, her mind opened more and more in the right direction. To sit in idle grief was wrong. Clearer, every moment, grew that proposition.

"How much wiser and better is it," she said "to make others happier, and so secure a measure of peace for our own hearts, than to neglect other, and remain miserable ourselves."

This is very clear. "There is a double wrong in the one case, and a double blessing in the others," she added.

Strength had come to the mourner in her weakness—light in the darkness of her sorrow. Most reluctantly had she stirred from her leaden repose to respond to a child's want, and even the motion had brought its measure of relief.

In that hour of instruction and reproof, Mrs. Overman passed from under the thick shadows that grief had drawn so gloomily around her soul ; and, though clouds had still mantled her sky, feeble sunbeams were struggling through many rifts, and their warmth went even to her sorrowing heart.

Love grows by activity. Passive love gets feebler and feebler each weary day ; while active love gains ever, renewed vitality. Something of indifference towards little Matty had begun to creep into the heart of Mrs. Overman, and the care of her was beginning to be felt as burdensome. But, now, a new state was born. She had compelled herself to hearken to the pleadings of a child, and in giving, she had received a double measure. In the darkest hour, light had come ; in the weariness of weakness, strength.

Though Mrs. Overman had bowed herself to the earth, under the weight of her heavy affliction, like one whose strength was wholly exhausted, she was not, naturally, a weak woman. But she loved her husband with a love that was almost idolatry, and when he was taken from her, the bereavement seemed greater than she had strength to bear. Now, as she made an effort to take up the duties of life again—to be active instead of idle—the native strength of her character appeared. Clear seeing is an important accessory to right acting. Mrs. Overman saw clearer and clearer every day ; and every day she entered more earnestly into the uses that lay at her feet, or presented themselves on every side. And so, as time wore on, the mourner, who lay prostrate for a little while, grew more and more erect, and looked with calmer eyes into the faces of friend and stranger. Not around little Matty gathered all her loving regard ; not on little Matty were bestowed all the good offices in her power to render. As she looked up, there came higher teaching to her soul ; and she walked on in the way of duty.

How calmly the days began, at length, to pass with Mrs. Overman. She had ceased, through a daily increasing interest in others, to think of herself, or act for herself. Into a higher region her mind had risen, and there she found strength. Many blessed her in their uprisings and in their down lyings, and prayed that she might have peace even as she had brought peace, comfort, or hope to them. But, even before their grateful prayer went upwards, her reward had come. She had found a divine strength in the very abandonment of human weakness.

INDUSTRY AGAINST SPECULATION.

In a collection of obituary notices for the year 1799, we find recorded the deaths of two persons, whose circumstances are extraordinary examples of the reverses of fortune, and afford striking proofs of the superiority of honest industry to wild speculation. The first was Mr. James Calvert, who in February died in indigence, having been the sole proprietor of the first ticket that ever drew so high a prize as $100,000 in the English lottery ; and in a subsequent lottery he gained $25,000 : he was originally a capital vinegar-merchant, at the corner of Old-street, in the City Road. In the following month died Mr. Abraham Newman, who was one of the richest citizens of London, and a happy instance of the powers of accumulation by the steady pursuit of honorable industry. Without speculation or adventure, he acquired three million dollars, (3,000,000,) as a grocer : he retired from trade about four years before his death, but so forcible was his habit, that he came every day to the shop, and ate his mutton at two o'clock, the good old city hour, with his successors. Verily, it is the hand of the diligent that waxeth rich.

CHARACTER.

The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in times when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some, who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their minds at once to exert themselves no longer against what they call fate, as thereby they could avenge themselves upon fate ; others grow desponding and hopeless ; but a third class of men will rouse themselves just at such moments, and say to themselves, "the more difficult it is to attain my ends, the more honorable it will be ;" and this is a maxim which every one should impress upon himself as a law. Some of those who are guided by it, prosecute their plans with obstinacy, and perish ; others, who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way will try another.

TRIFLES ARE NOT TO BE DESPISED.—The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A musqueto can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect.

ADMONITION.

BY ALICE CARY.

Rise thou, whose face a shadow wears
  Whose eyes with tears are dull;
About thy house dispose thy cares,
  And make it beautiful.
"Rise thou, and work while it is day,"
So all thy many brethren say.

"I cannot from my face put by
  The shadow that it wears,"
Thou answerest, "not a house have I—
  I only have my cares—
No brethren in the world, to say,
Arise and work while it is day."

Still thou hast work enough to do—
  Before the noonday heat,
Thou shouldst be gathering boughs to strew
  Beneath thy bridegroom's feet,
And making ready, like a bride,
To meet him at the eventide.

Thou answerest, "Love's sweet ministries
  Are not for me to share,
A cruise of bitterness, it is,
  That I am called to bear;
No need have I to gather boughs,
Or deck myself for bridal vows."

Nay, for thou hast a house more fair
  Than earthly house can be,
In Heaven, and hast a lover there
  Who died, and lives for thee:
All men thy brethren are—each day
Thou hast thy good things, even as they.

THE BOAR HUNT.

On account of the activity and ferocity of the wild hog, the boar hunt, from the danger which attends it, is well adapted to excite those who are of a courageous and warlike disposition; and this species of sporting is very common in many countries in all parts of the world: but nowhere is it so much resorted to as an amusement, particularly by officers in the army, as in India and Africa. It is, therefore, of the boar hunt in India and Africa that we are about to give an account.

The experienced sportsman commences operations often before the day is well announced. At that time the scent lies well though it evaporates very suddenly after sunrise.

At an early hour the wild boar will often be found on the feed at edges of covers, or may be intercepted on its return from a nightly depredation in some remote field. It is consequently, in a state of fatigue and more easily overtaken. This, certainly, is not in general a *desideratum;* but where covers are heavy and difficult to search, or when other covers are too contiguous, at times it becomes an important consideration, since an arduous chase is often ruinous to a good horse.

It should be here understood that the pace and powers of a wild boar are not to be estimated by any comparison with those of a tame hog. Those unacquainted with the vigor and speed of the jungle hog of India or the wild boar of Africa, will be surprised to learn that it requires a good horse to keep near a moderate sized one, not rendered tardy by too long voluptuousness among corn or sugar-canes; and that it is by no means uncommon to see what is considered but a moderate sized animal overthrow many horses with their riders in succession. The fact is, that from April to November, during which period the canes and corns are off the ground, the wild boars are compelled to wander from the copses and long grass jungles, in which they take refuge, in search of food to great distances; by which means they are not only kept low in flesh, but from their daily exercise, get confirmed in good wind, and seem rather to fly than to run. And this is not merely a spurt of some hundred yards, but for a good distance.

A traveler in India says that he recollects on one occasion being one of a party of four, well mounted, who were completely distanced in a chase of about three miles. He thus gives the account of this chase:

"In crossing the country one morning, early in June, about sunrise, we saw at some distance a hog trotting over a plain to his cover which was a very large extent of brambles and copse, from which we could not hope to drive him. As there appeared no chance of overtaking him, we agreed to let him proceed unmolested, and to be at the place from which he had come by daybreak the next morning. We accordingly were up early, anticipating the pleasure of being at his heels; but on arriving at the same spot from which we had descried him, he was seen still nearer to his cover than before. Knowing that when hogs take the alarm, they are apt to change their route, or their hours, we were not surprised at this device which rather increased our acuteness. We were still earlier on the third morning, when we took up our positions near his nightly resort, and had the satisfaction to find that we were in time to bear him company homeward. Here, however, some delay took place. The hog, on his first breaking from the jungle where we awaited him, and through which he had to pass, after glutting himself in a swamp among some young rice sown extremely thick for transplanting, found that he was watched; he, therefore, after trotting out about a hundred yards, gave a snort and returned. This was exactly what we wished for. It was not yet day, and the desire to intercept our prey had made us push forward so as to leave our people far behind. They, however, came up, to the number of about two hundred, and after beating the cover for a short time, our friend took fairly to the plain. As we were careful not to discourage him, and had cautiously kept from that side on which we wished him to bolt, he gained upon us a little—perhaps about 150 yards. He had to go at least three miles to his home, and the whole of the plain was laid out in *paddy*, or rice fields; that is, in compartments of about an acre or two each divided by mud banks, perhaps from a foot or two feet, and about fifteen inches thick. Under such circumstances our horses had evidently great advantage: yet we had the mortification to see the hog keep his distance, and enter the copse without the possibility of throwing even a distant spear. His track over the banks was obvious: each place could be distinguished, where, as he passed over, his belly grazed; and those banks nearest the jungle into which he had escaped were tinged with blood. It was, without any exception, the hardest chase I ever saw."

This may serve to give an idea of the difference in speed, between wild and tame hogs.

The wild hog delights in cultivated situations; but he will not remain where water is not at hand, in which he may, unobserved, quench his thirst and wallow at his ease. Nor will he resort for a second season to a spot which does not afford ample cover, whether of heavy grass or of underwood jungle, within a certain distance, for him to fly to in case of molestation; and especially to serve as a retreat during the hot season, as otherwise he would find no shelter. The sugar cane is his great delight, both as being his favorite food, and as affording a high, impervious, and unfrequented situation.

It generally requires a great number of people to drive hogs out of sugar-cane fields, some of which are of large extent, covering perhaps fifty or sixty acres. The beaters should not be more than five or six feet from each other, else the hogs will frequently turn back and rush through the intervals; or else squat and suffer the beaters to pass them.

They should preserve an even line as much as possible; and the whole of the persons employed should be previously arranged along the outside of the cane field, each man furnsihed with a *lattie*, or bamboo staff. The persons who carry drums, trumpets, &c., should be equally divided in the line. The hunters should be stationed at the several corners of the field, so that two of them may see any hog that may start, and follow instantly.

All being arranged, the signal is given to move on through the cane with all the clamor that can be raised. It sometimes happens that the game will bolt instantly; at least, will proceed to the verge, peeping out to see if the coast be clear, when, if any object appear to them suspicious, they will return, and often occasion infinite trouble to expel them. Sometimes, indeed, nothing can force them to run.

Dogs are extremely useful in scenting hogs in the corn-fields and in urging them to break cover. The dogs that hunt the boar well are very sharp made, with small faces, short pricked ears, thin tails, deep chests and small bellies, with excellently light limbs. They are very fleet and savage. Some will take a good sized hog by the ear, holding very fast: but in this, many receive desperate wounds: whence they become more cautious, and confine their attacks to the hind quarters.

When a person hunts singly, these dogs are of the greatest service, as they not only help to bring the hog to bay, but in case a spear should miss, or be thrown out, they announce by their barking which way the animal is proceeding. This, in covers higher than the hog's back, is of great utility, as the horseman, being compelled to dismount to regain his spear, would afford the hog an opportunity to escape. In company, their aid is by no means desirable, as they often teaze the hog and make him so unsteady that it is difficult to throw a spear correctly, and with safety to the dogs themselves.

Perhaps no diversion requires more coolness and judgment than hunting the wild boar; indeed, so much is this the case, that it is by no means uncommon to see one experienced hand perform more than several who may be unacquainted with the sport when acting together. It has invariably been found that two persons habituated to each other's modes have been successful, and that but rarely they have missed their game. It is, therefore, usual for a party of gentlemen unused to hunting, when they meet in the field, to be guided, in respect to search of covers, by him who may have been, by residence, best informed on that point.

It frequently happens that during a chase over a plain, many persons may be seen occupied in some employment, like cutting grass. The hog, indignant and vindictive, seldom fails to deviate from his course to visit and disturb the poor men in their occupations; frequently, indeed, ripping them very severely. Some take to flight; but the hog, being possessed of most speed, soon comes up, and, running his head between the fugitive's knees, ordinarily gives a cut to each thigh, oversetting and leaving the unfortunate fellow for the purpose of treating others in a similar way. Several who are struck by terror, or deem it useless to seek to escape by flight, remain and face the attack, usually in the moment of danger extending their hands forward to keep the hog at a distance: these fare no better, receiving, in general, one or more wounds in the arms or fingers, and not unfrequently getting a rip elsewhere before they are quitted by their bristled visitor. Those who are near vehicles like carts, show great activity in ascending into them, and thus, in general, get clear, though the hog will sometimes attack the oxen that are yoked to the cart, and frighten them so much as to set them off at full speed.

A gentleman in India who once saw one of these frays, says that, on the occasion, the hogs frightened the oxen in the cart, who set off at full speed. One of the wheels passed over the wild boar's back, which effectually disabled him, but occasioned the cart to be upset, to the great alarm of those who had got into it, and who dreaded lest the hog should pay his respects to them in turn. Happily, however, the shock he had received in the enterprise did not leave him the power to renew the attack, and rendered him an easy prey to one of the party, who took advantage of the circumstance, and speared him to the heart.

Hogs sometimes take strange turns, and occasionally vanish, when it is extremely difficult to account for their disappearance. They have a trick of stopping short at speed when they find a horseman gaining fast upon them, in grass cover, and then they either squat perfectly quiet, or steal back into some thick tuft, in which they will lie, though the beaters apply their bamboo sticks forcibly to rouse what may lie concealed. If, however, one may chance to touch, the hog generally darts forth and upsets all he may find in his way.

At the outset a hog ordinarily takes a direct course, but changes it as circumstances occur.

A curious incident took place near Monguyr, where two gentlemen were pursuing a large boar, which ran down a watercourse leading to a rivulet. One, who was pretty close at his heels, followed; and the hog, disappointed of his drink, re-ascended the bank a little to the right of the way by which he had gone down, and then, turning again to his right, proceeded through the grass across his former track, and leaped over the ravine he had gone through, as the other gentleman was galloping down it. The hog just passed between the horse's ears and the gentleman's head, and occasioned his hat to fly over with him.

In chasing the wild boar, the first sportsman who can get within a proper distance throws his spear, aiming at the hog's head, at the same moment giving spurs to his horse, and filing off to the left to make room for the next, who does the same, and thus in succession as the several horsemen come up. This is all done at full speed.

If the hog is wounded in the spine he falls instantly; otherwise, he must be struck to the heart before he can be diverted from his object, unless, indeed, a horseman should be able to cross before him, when, in all probability, he will make a desperate charge. The hunter who ventures in this manner should be sure of his horse's temper, and that, as the hog may arrive at his flank, the steed will rise and deliberately vault over, so as to frustrate the intention to rip at his belly, flank or shoulders.

A person possessing a strong hand waits the charge, and stabs or throws the spear in between the shoulder and ribs, or throws so as to strike in the forehead, by either of which methods the hog's course is stopped. It sometimes happens, however, that the hog will continue, in spite of such wounds, to push forward, in which case it behooves the rider to be careful of his horse.

When he rips, the boar makes his first cut to the right, and the next to the left, with a very quick motion, seeming to wriggle his nose against the object of attack, and raising his head forcibly, sometimes even rising on his hind legs. Instances have occurred of their placing their fore-legs against a horse, and cutting most desperately at his neck and side.

A favorite hunter, Sultan, belonging to a Mr. Day, of Dacca, was attacked in this manner by a boar, and received a cut reaching from the insertion of the tail nearly to the tip of the hip-bone.

When at bay, and surrounded by horsemen, hogs will either stand still watching, or trot on, keenly surveying the harrassing troops, and thus endeavor to reach some cover, or even a bush, as a protection to the rear. Then whatever approaches must expect a furious attack, which, though invariably commenced at a trot, increases rapidly into a smart gallop, sometimes overwhelming horse and rider.

The wild boar, when standing boldly to his defence, is often too quick for the sportsman, and absolutely bears down the horse by the violence with which he charges. Such is the impression at times made on a horse by the overthrow which he experiences from a hog during a boar hunt, that thenceforth nothing can induce him to approach even a tame hog.

The spirited engraving that accompanies this article gives the reader a better idea of a boar hunt than we could impart to him by dint of incident and anecdote. It is at the moment when the spirit of the steed and the coolness of the rider are put to the severest test by the animal displaying all the energy of despair, and assailing with the utmost fury.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S. B.—The reason seamen, Indians, and backwoodsmen can predict the state of the weather for a short time so accurately is, because they have long been accustomed to the observation of all Nature's signs. Many of these weather signs have become known to others than the classes above-named. For example: the darker the color of the sky, when viewed perpendicularly upward, the more it indicates dry weather; and the paler it is, the more it indicates wet weather. Paleness and dulness of the sun and moon indicate wet weather; and when they are of a bright and clear color, dry weather is indicated. When the horns of the moon are sharp, or when the margin of the moon is well defined, it indicates dry weather; but when the contrary is the fact, wet weather is indicated. Since these signs have become known, philosophers have had no trouble in explaining them. It is very simple. The more moisture or aqueous vapor there is in the atmosphere, the paler and duller the sky, sun and moon appear, and the dryer the atmosphere, the brighter and clearer they all look. So, when the moon is surrounded by an iris, or "ring," it indicates rain, because the iris is produced by the moon's light being reflected by aqueous vapor contained in the atmosphere. Again—supposing no moon visible, if the stars look larger and somewhat paler, less vivid, and at the same time less numerous than usual, it indicates an unusual amount of moisture in the atmosphere, and accordingly foretells rain. On the contrary, when the stars look smaller, more twinkling, and at the same time more numerous than usual, it indicates that there is a less amount of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere, and accordingly foretells dry weather. It is very interesting to observe and study these weather signs, and a mastery of them is a useful accomplishment. Any one who has eyes can pursue the investigation, and it will not interfere with any other pursuit.

Janus.—You will probably learn, as you grow older, that the man who is always flying in a passion is a fool. Anger is the climax of selfishness. You say you "can't help getting mad, and swearing, and doing ugly things." That is not so, and you know it. You do not show your anger, nor swear, nor do ugly things, when in the presence of your clergyman, or any others whose good opinion you are anxious to retain, no matter how much you may be annoyed. But when only your poor wife and children, or others for whom you do not care, are present, you give way to these selfish fits and explosions. You ought to be soundly flogged, like any other overgrown and vicious boy.

Selmar.—If you have stated the exact truth, your unfortunate intoxication should be forgiven. Still, you should not grumble at being compelled to undergo a little healthy discipline, under the circumstances. You should make an ample apology to your sweetheart and to her parents, and state the whole matter frankly to them, as you have to us. They will then probably recive you back to your former position in their esteem and their love.

Dick.—The quadrature or squaring of the circle is merely the determination of the exact proportion which the area of a circle whose diameter is 1 bears to a square whose side is 1; or it means the finding of a square equal to a given circle. It has not yet been positively determined, for we cannot tell the precise ratio which the diameter bears to the circumference. It is determined near enough for all practical purposes, but not to a mathematical point.

Harkaway.—You had better settle the matter quietly, before it becomes a subject for neighborhood gossip, else you will be the laughing-stock of the village as long as you reside there. No doubt the young lady did an unkind thing in leaving you and going off with your rival, but for all that, it will not do for you to refuse to pay for her supper, which you ordered and partook of with her.

J. L.—It was Erostratus who fired the temple of Ephesus, in order to immortalize himself, and he succeeded, though the magistrates forbade his name to be inserted on the records. It happened on the day that Alexander the Great was born.

Etiquette.—The host precedes his company to dinner, and retiring follows. The hostess follows to dinner, and precedes in retiring.

Humboldt.—You must judge for yourself in such purely personal and individual matters. We cannot say whether or not *you* would be benefitted by working in your garden mornings and evenings, or whether you could make it pay or not. It will depend upon your constitution, robustness, skill and industry. We know that, as a general thing, persons of sedentary habits, whose business confines them within doors, are benefitted in health by regular exercise or labor in the open air; but we have never known an amateur gardener in the city who made his gardening pay so far as dollars and cents, as applied to the purchase or the raising of vegetables, are concerned. The saving of the dollars comes, if it come at all, through the saving of doctors' bills and the enjoyment of better health.

Barbara.—You can relieve certain kinds of toothache by rubbing chloroform upon your face and jaw directly over the aching tooth. Sometimes this remedy is not efficacious on a first trial, but the ache never holds out beyond the third application. Its efficacy is also increased by a slight inhalation of the chloroform, which can be indulged in without danger.

H. P. W.—Yes. The easiest and cheapest way of learning to read music by note is to hire a good teacher to instruct you, and then set hard at word and stick to it till you have accomplished your object.

Charley.—Get up by sunrise every morning, and work in the garden, or take a walk, or do almost anything but lounge, and your appetite and spirits will soon come back.

J. O. B.—Motion gives intensity to cold as well as to heat, for motion is activity. Above blood-heat, water is warmer with motion; below, it is colder. The turning point is the temperature of the body.

Jonesville.—This correspondent says he was engaged to a young lady of great wealth; and, on the presumption of the marriage, he had made arrangements to go into business and partnership with a heavy capitalist. But the lady took a sudden freak into her head to marry another man, and then the capitalist backed out of the projected copartnership, whereby our correspondent suffered great damage. He now asks, "Can I not make the lady and her husband recompense me for this damage?" You can try, at all events. If you do anything, you should bring an action for breach of promise, and then show your special damage. It is difficult to get a verdict against a lady, and public opinion is apt to set strongly against a man who brings an action for breach of promise against a woman. You must take all these things into consideration, before taking any decisive step.

Judge.—This correspondent invited a couple of young ladies to go with him to a daguerreotype saloon, and have their miniatures taken, which they did. A few days afterwards, one of the young ladies dropped her daguerreotype in the fire, and it was spoilt, whereupon she sent word to the gentleman, and requested him to get her another. This he declined to do; and as quite a discussion has arisen as to his duty under the circumstances, he appeals to the Ledger. You are certainly under no obligation to replace the miniature which the lady spoilt, and her *demand* upon you to do so was immodest and unladylike. Such a doctrine as she and her friends assert would render it unsafe for a person ever to do a good-natured act.

Superiority.—You may be very superior to your country friends, but your attempting "to make them *feel* your superiority" is certainly no proof of your possessing it. On the contrary, it proves the reverse, so far as amiability and good breeding are concerned. A really superior and well-bred person never tries to make others feel uncomfortable, or to make friends (or even strangers) "feel their inferiority." Nobody but a snob—an ignorant upstart, would ever do such an ill-natured thing. You had better reconsider the whole matter, and see if you cannot arrive at juster and more polite ideas of social intercourse.

Sigma.—Your reasoning is wholly wrong. Where obedience is due, there can be no circumstances which will justify disobedience. You and your fellow offenders knew the rules of the school perfectly, and the mere fact of your considering them foolish and arbitrary was no palliation of your disobedient conduct. Your remedy was, respectfully to ask the teachers to abrogate the obnoxious rules, or modify them to some extent, and on their refusing to do this, your duty was to continue to obey the rules, or quit the school. When boys attempt to set their teachers at defiance, a sound course of discipline should be administered to them.

O. L. L.—You must have more patience with your boys. A boy is in an anomalous condition, which is not easily understood. He may be defined as a bundle of unreasonable wants, modified and rendered more unbearable by an irrepressible tendency to mischievous trickery. A boy is always in the way, as a matter of course. He was probably made to be in the way. His activity is merely the physical manifestation of his growth, and to curb it is to thwart nature and dwarf him. You must not, therefore, attempt "to keep your boys still." Let them romp and rollick, and give full play to the development of their nature.

E. G.—The best way to settle the matter would be to accept the offer, and pay the surgeon's and doctor's bills. The father of the boy could recover thus much of you by a suit at law, inasmuch as it was generally known, and you knew, that your dog was a cross and savage creature, and had bitten at least one other person before he bit the boy. Should a suit be instituted against you, the parents of the boy might get a verdict for damages five times as great as the amount claimed. Pay the demand and shoot your dog.

Banjo.—You had better stick to your trade, work industriously, live economically, and lay up as much as you can year by year. This will finally give you a comfortable home, if not a competence, and an honorable and influential position in the community in which you live. But should you join a strolling band of "Ethiopian minstrels," you would acquire wandering and unsteady habits of life, and your old age would probably be crowned with poverty and a broken constitution.

Desdemona.—We do not know how you can cure your husband of his jealousy. The mental and moral philosophers pronounce jealousy to be an incurable disease. You can modify the virulence of your husband's case, by discreet conduct and the exhibition of much love and appreciation of him. A jealous man is always a weak one, and sugar-plums go a great way with him.

H. J.—We agree with your clergyman that the singing of sacred hymns to operatic and Ethiopian tunes, is a desecration. The instance you mention of the singing of that beautiful hymn,

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"

to the vulgar tune of "Uncle Ned," is unspeakably offensive and disgusting.

Housekeeper.—Rice and hominy are healthful and economical articles of food, and when properly cooked, they are exceedingly palatable. While your income is so low, you would of course do well to decrease the expenses of your table; but, at the same time, it will not do to live on innutritious food.

Susan.—We cannot tell you "how to induce somebody to publish your novel." Publishers are shy of miscellaneous works now, and an unknown writer has no chance at all of securing their attention. Perhaps by paying the cost of bringing out an edition of your book, say $600, you can get some publisher to take hold of it.

P. G.—You can make good maple molasses by shaving up or breaking up a piece of maple sugar, putting a little water with it, and dissolving it slowly over the fire. We cannot accept your proffered contributions, as we are abundantly supplied with literary matter by our regular contributors.

Scotland Neck.—If the girl treats you as shabbily as you represent, why do you not cease going to see her? You should show a more manly spirit, and then perhaps she will look upon you with favor. Girls never like a whining, pusillanimous lover.

M. C. G.—You might as well return the letters and miniature first as last. When a man intends to do a gallant or courteous act, he should not take away from the merit of it by unnecessary delays and quibbles.

Iphigenia.—Yes. The contract would overthrow your suit, if it should be produced. If that has been lost, the opposite party would have a good deal of trouble to meet your attack.

Claude.—We think that the father of your intended is right in wishing you to quit all rowdy associations before he will give his consent to your marriage with his daughter.

P. N. O.—The assassination of Henry IV. of France was not perpetrated the same year (1620) that the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. It occurred on the 14th of May, 1610. The assassin's name was Ravillac. He mounted the wheel of the royal carriage, as it was detained by a crowd of vehicles in the street, and stabbed the king to the heart, in the presence of seven noblemen, who were seated in the carriage with him. Your teacher is mistaken in saying that Henry was shot. The torture to which Ravillac was subjected has few parallels in the records of barbarity. His body was stretched by four horses, pulling in different directions, until his joints were dislocated; they were then reset, while the poor wretch writhed with the agony, and he was carried in a cart, standing half naked, with a torch in the hand which committed the murder, to the very spot where the bloody deed was done, and there the offending hand was cut off, and a gauntlet (iron glove) of hot oil was clapped upon the stump to staunch the blood, whereat Ravillac uttered a shriek which seemed to pierce the very heavens. He was next led upon a stage, where he was forced to draw on a pair of boots half filled with boiling oil; then his body was pierced all over, and hot oil poured into the wounds. He bore up under all this torture with surprising fortitude, and only gave one shriek during the whole of it, which was the one uttered when the gauntlet of hot oil was clapped upon his bleeding wrist. He died without implicating his accomplices.

A Distressed Mother writes that four years ago her husband turned her out of house and home because she would not associate with an abandoned sister of his, and gave all she (the wife) possessed to that sister. He also took all her children from her, and sent them off where she has never been able to see them. The eldest, a daughter, he has permitted his bad sister to train up to evil courses, and she is now an associate of the worst characters. To crown all, he has now brought an action of divorce against her, charging her with the worst of crimes, which he will try to prove by the perjured testimony of her own ruined daughter. She is too poor to pay a lawyer, and wants to know if she can defend her own case. If your story is true, you can easily get some lawyer to help you. It is true that there are many heartless sharpers among attornies, but respectable lawyers are among the most obliging members of society, and often aid poor and deserving persons without charge for their services.

Philadelphia.—You should come to some definite understanding in regard to your proposed marriage—when it shall be, how long you intend to wait, &c.—with the young lady. It is quite rational that she and her friends should be annoyed at the delay, for which you have given no reason. The loss of your money, and the conviction that your marriage now would occasion you embarrassment and prove disastrous, are very good reasons for deferring the wedding, but you should state these facts to the young lady, and give her an opportunity to agree with you, and wait patiently for better times, or to break off the engagement altogether, as she may choose. It is contrary to all principles of justice that you should delay the marriage indefinitely, without giving her any reasons therefor, and still hold her bound to the engagement.

A Long-Island Farmer.—The recent "rainy season" did not continue much longer than that of last year. You are mistaken, however, as to the rapidity with which rain falls. The largest drops of rain, which are about one-fifth of an inch in diameter, will fall two thousand and forty feet in a minute; but the ordinary drops in this climate will seldom fall half as fast. Hail stones in some parts of Europe, having sometimes the enormous diameter of two inches, will fall with a velocity of one hundred and thirteen feet and a quarter in a second, or more than a mile and a quarter in a minute; a rapidity of stroke which destroys corn-fields and ravages vineyards.

A Young Wife.—We think you have been indiscreet. When cousins (brothers' or sisters' children) intermarry, or unite in wedlock, seldom do they maturely consider the natural law that alliance with too near affinity or kindred almost invariably deteriorates the offspring. How often has it been observed that idiocy or mental imbecility, personal deformity, or physical malformation, has resulted in nineteen out of twenty of such intermixtures? The children or offspring are inferior to what they would have been if the parents had united with strangers in blood, of equal vigor and muscular development.

O. P. Q.—You did wrong in resenting the insult and getting up a "scene" in the parlor, in the midst of the assembled guests. You should have passed it by at the time, and taken an opportunity quietly to make an appointment with the offender, that you might settle the matter without troubling others. Your conduct, in getting up such a shameful rumpus, in the parlor of a lady who had invited you to her house, was exceedingly reprehensible. A gentleman never "makes a fuss" about any such matter, and cares more for the feelings of the ladies in whose company he is, than his own.

Galesburgh.—This correspondent loves a young lady whose parents are wealthy. He is only moderately well off. The parents object. The young lady is willing to marry him, if her parents will consent; but she will not act in disobedience to their commands. He wants to know what he had better do, under these circumstances. He had better behave himself in the most admirable manner possible, so as to show the young lady's parents what a capital son-in-law he would be. By so doing he may, after a time, overcome their opposition to his marriage with their daughter.

Disappointed Youth.—You had better not make up your mind hastily. Perhaps you are mistaken in regard to the young lady's telling untruths. You had better investigate the matter thoroughly before resolving to break off the engagement for such a reason; for you are engaged, according to your statement, although you have never formally acknowledged such to be the case. A girl's imagination is often so strong as to lead her to lay on the colors pretty thick when telling over gossip, without at all intending to be untruthful.

H. B. R.—We have seen newspaper accounts of telegraphic despatches having been sent from New Orleans to Buffalo, over one continuous line, the connections having been temporarily made for that purpose. This goes to show that messages can be transmitted over wires more than six hundred miles long. It was also stated in the London Times, several months since, that the electric current had been transmitted through more than two thousand miles of the Atlantic telegraph cable.

O. K.—It is a great pity that you did not keep the letters of the false lover, that is, if you are determined to make public the relations which formerly subsisted between you, and his treatment of you and your mother. It strikes us, that as he has gone beyond the reach of the law, and will probably never return, you had better do nothing about it, but let the whole matter pass into oblivion as soon as possible.

A Young Man says he is in love with a beautiful young lady, and he thinks she also loves him. He wants to speak to her on the subject, but is ashamed and afraid to do so, and wants a little light on the subject. What a cowardly young man you are! Speak out, and tell the girl you love her. She will take it kindly; there is no mistake about that.

Lake Superior.—We are pleased to learn of the high appreciation of the Ledger which the inhabitants of your far-off region exhibit. As to the matter of the miniature, we think you might offer it to the young lady without running much risk of offending her. Such indications of affection, when they are genuine, seldom give offence to women.

Clara.—Pay no attention to his sobs and tears. He is evidently insincere. As the crocodile weeps over its prey, and sends forth a piteous cry, merely to allure men or beasts to its haunts that they may devour them; so there are some who lament the former injuries they have done, in order to have it in their power to do fresh ones.

Y. Z.—Suppose you try a little praise upon your wife, and see what effect *that* will have. We think it would make her more cheerful and good-tempered. A woman who is always kept at home and hard at work, requires a great deal of affection and appreciation to keep her from becoming desponding, melancholy, and ill-natured.

Justice.—It is easy to talk about justice, but it is not so easy to *do* justice; in fact, it is a very difficult thing to determine what justice really is. In the case you represent, you certainly have gone wide of the mark. There is no justice in retaliating upon a lady, and in casting slurs upon her honor.

Somnamaulist.—We do not know of any remedy for "sleep-walking;" nor have we ever known a physician who pretended to be able to prescribe efficacious remedies for that phenomenon. It is probable, however, that some cases can be cured.

Romeo.—The "lover" was very foolish to "ask you out to fight," in the presence of his sweetheart, especially as you came off victorious. You had better let the matter drop now; and the next time any one asks you out to fight, don't go. Fighting is low business, at the best.

Seth Harper.—The politest and most sensible way is for people who enter a pew first to take the lower end of it, and stay there, leaving those who come later to sit nearer the door. The habit of jumping up and running out of pews to admit new-comers is ridiculous.

X. X.—You are too avaricious. You should be content with the ample sum your father left you, without attempting to clutch a part of that which he intended should go to your cousins.

Burlington.—Sixteen years of age is young enough to go to college. Boys of twelve and fourteen are altogether too young to go to college, except in very rare cases.

Rockaway.—Salt-water bathing is good for some people, and bad for others. Every man must experiment in regard to it for himself.

Sell.—You are quite mistaken. Baron Stenben did not die in Georgia. He died and was buried in this State.

J. J. J.—You should pay the amount you promised to give. Stick to your bargains.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*